



G. Verme Sculp.



G. Verme Sculp.

P O E M S

On Several
OCCASIONS.

Written By

Philomela.

L O N D O N :

Printed for **John Duntou** at the *Raven*
in *Jewen-street.* 1 6 9 6. 1

P O E M S

On Several

OCCASIONS

Written by

Philip Melancthon

L O N D O N

Printed for John Baskin in the Strand
in the Year 1688.

To the Reader.

Preface

TO THE

READER.

THE occasion of this Preface is, to give the World some account of the Author of these Poems, as far as I'm permitted to do it: An Employment I the more willingly chuse, because our Sex has some Excuse for a little Vanity, when they have so good Reason for't, and such a Champion among themselves, as not many of the other can boast

To the Reader.

boast of. We are not unwilling to allow Mankind the *Brutal Advantages* of *Strength*, they are Superior to ours in *Force*, they have *Custom* of their side, and have *Ruled*, and are like to do so, and may freely do it without *Disturbance* or *Envy*; at least they should have none from us, if they cou'd but keep *quiet* among *themselves*. But when they wou'd *Monopolize* *Sence* too, when neither that, nor *Learning*, nor so much as *Wit* must be allow'd us, but all *over-rul'd* by the *Tyranny* of the *Prouder Sex*; nay, when some of 'em won't let us say our *Souls* are our *own*, but wou'd perswade us we are no more *Reasonable Creatures* than themselves, or their *Fellow-Animals*; we then must

To the Reader.

must ask their Pardons if we are not yet so *Completely* passive as to bear all without so much as a *murmur* : We complain, and we think with reason, that our *Fundamental Constitutions* are destroyed ; that here's a plain and an open design to render us meer *Slaves*, perfect *Turkish* *Wives*, without *Properties*, or *Sense*, or *Souls* ; and are forc'd to Protest against it, and appeal to all the *World*, whether these are not *notorious* *Violations* on the *Liberties* of *Free-born English Women* ? This makes the *Meekest* *Worm* amongst us all, ready to turn agen when we are thus *trampled* on ; But alas ! What can we do to *Right* our selves ? *stingless* and *harmless* as we are, we can only *Kiss* the

To the Reader.

Foot that hurts us. However, sometimes it pleases Heaven to raise up some Brighter Genius than ordinary to Succour a Distressed People; — an Epaminondas in Thebes; a Timoleon for Corinth; (for you must know we Read Plutarch now 'tis Translated) and a Nassau for all the World: Nor is our Defenceless Sex forgotten — we have not only Bunduca's and Zenobia's, but Sappho's, and Behn's, and Schurman's, and Orinda's, who have humbled the most haughty of our Antagonists, and made 'em do Homage to our Wit, as well as our Beauty. 'Tis true; their Mischievous and Envious Sex have made it their utmost endeavours to deal with us, as Hannibal was

To the Reader.

was serv'd at *Capua*, and to *Corrupt* that *Virtue* which they can no otherwise overcome: and sometimes they prevail'd: But, if some *Angels* fell, others remain'd in their *Innocence* and *Perfection*, if there were not also some addition made to their *Happiness* and *Glory*, by their continuing stedfast. *Angels* Love; but they love *Virtuously* and *Reasonably*, and neither err in the *Object*, nor the *Manner*: And if all our *Poetesses* had done the same, I wonder what our *Enemies* cou'd have found out to have objected against us: However, here they are *silenc'd*; and I dare be bold to say, that whoever does not come extreemly preju-

To the Reader.

dic'd to these *Poems*, will find in 'em that *vivacity* of Thought, that *purity* of Language, that *softness* and *delicacy* in the *Love-part*, that *strength* and *Majesty* of Numbers almost every where, especially on *Heroical* Subjects, and that clear and unaffected *Love* to *Virtue*; that height of *Piety* and warmth of *Devotion* in the *Canticles*, and other Religious Pieces; which they will hardly find exceeded in the best *Authors* on those Different Kinds of Writing, much less equal'd by any single Writer.

And now I have nothing more, I think, lies upon my Hands, but to assure the
Reader,

To the Reader:

Reader, that they were actually Writ by a young Lady, (all, but some of the Answers, as is well-known to some Persons of Quality and Worth) whose NAME had been prefix'd, had not her own Modesty absolutely forbidden it.

The way of *Thinking* and *Writing* is all along the same, only varying with the Subject; and the Whole so very agreeable a mixture, that unless *Philaret* and my Self, who have the Honour to be her *Friends*, and who perswaded her to Publish this *First Volume*, are very partial, 'tis more than probable, they will meet with so favourable a Reception with the Pious

To the Reader.

Pious and Ingenious Reader,
that we may e're long prevail
with Her to oblige the *World*
with a *Second Part*, no way
inferior to the former.

Hardings-Rents,
May 10th 1696.

Elizabeth Johnson!

To

To the
Author
Of these
POEMS,
Known only by Report, and by Her
WORKS.

NO-'tis in vain--attempt not to persuade!
They were not, cou'd not be by Woman

Each Thought so strong, so finish'd every Line,

All o'r we see so rich a Genius shine;

O more than Man, we Cry, O Workmanship

Courtly the Stile as Wallers, clear, and neat,

Not Cowley's Sence more Beautiful, or great:

Numerous

To the Author

Numerous *as the* verse, *as* Drydens flowing strain;

Smooth *as the* Thames, yet Copious *as the* Main.

But when the Author Royal Mary mourns,
Or in soft Fires for gay Orestes burns

Agon, our sexes Pride is undectiv'd:

A Soul so Soft in Man yet never lov'd.

In vain, alas in vain our Fate we shun;

We Read, and Sigh, and Love, and are undone:

Circzan charms, and Female Arts we prove,

Transported all to some New World of Love.

"Now our Ears tingle, and each thick-drawn-Breath

"Comes hard, *as in the* Agonys of Death:

"Back to the panting Heart the purple Rivers flow,

"Our Swimming Eyes, to see, our Feet unlearn to

(goe:

"In

of these P O E M S.

"In every trembling Nerve a short-lived Palsy

"Strange Feavers boy! our Blood, yet shudder
(thru' our Veins,

Tyrannous Charmer hold! our Sence, our Souls
(restore!

Monopolize not Love, nor make the World adore!

Can Heavenly minds be angry! can she
(frown?

What Thunders has one eager Thought pull'd
(down?

Diana thou by the bold Hunter found,

Instead of Darts, shot angry Blushes round.

O Goddess Spare—all white as Cyprian Dove

Is thy untarnisht Soul, and Loves as Angels Love;

Honour and Virtue each wild-wish repel,

And doubly sink 'em to their Native Hell.

Saints may by thee their holiest Thoughts refine,

And Vestal-Virgin's dress their Souls by thine,
Sure

To the Author

Sure none but you such Passion cou'd restrain,
None ever Lov'd like you, and Lov'd in vain.
What Age can equal, what Historian find
Such Tenderness, with so much Duty join'd?
Sappho and Behn reform'd, in thee revive,
In thee we see the Chast Orinda live.
Thy works express thy Soul, we read thee there,
Not thing, nor Pencil draws more like, or fair.
As Flowers steal unobserv'd from Nature's Bed,
And silent sweets around profusely shed,
So you, in Secret shades unknown, unseen
Commence at once a Muse, and Heroine.
Yet you're in vain unknown, in vain you'd throw'd
That Sun, which shines too bright, to endure a cloud.

Prepare

of these P O E M S.

Prepare, then for that Fame which you despise!
But when you're seen; *hid* hide, O hide your Eyes!
Love Virtue, and adorn it! still let us see
Such Wit and Beauty join'd with Piety
Let Heaven and Heaven's Vicegerent always share
Your noblest Thoughts, and your most Dutious care.
WILLIAM's a Name you're Fated to Record;
No Pen but yours can match the Heroes Sword.
If you ASSOCIATE too, you'll guard Him
(more
Then all the Loyal Myriads gon before.
Let harden'd Traitors know what 'tis to' abuse
The Patience of a King and of a Muse.
Let 'em no more a Monarch's Justice dare,
Draw off his side, at once, and END THE
WAR!

These

To the Author, &c.

These just, tho' poor Acknowledgments I send,
From distant Shades, to Heav'n's and Cæsar's Friend:
Those but debas'd, who weakly strive to raise,
Thou'lt ne'er grow vain with—'s humble praise.

POEMS

T H E

Contents.

Temple—on his Death

The Great Master's Friend, Andrew the Apostle

Temple at Jerusalem, 1. 16. For God so loved the world, that he gave his only Begotten Son, etc.

147

THE

Contents.

POEMS

T H E
Contents.

TO the Author of these Poems,
known only by Report, and by her
Works.

Platonick Love Page 1

Humane Love, by a Countrey Gentleman,
in Answer to Platonick Love 3

To Mr. — on his Poem 5

To Mrs. Mary Friend, knowing her but
by Report 7

Paraphrase on John 3. 16. For God so
loved the World, that he gave his
only Begotten Son, &c. 8

a 2

The

The Contents.

| | |
|--|----|
| <i>The Expostulation</i> | 12 |
| <i>To my Lady Carteret</i> | 14 |
| And though after my Skin, Worms de- stroy this Body, yet in my Flesh shall I see God, <i>Job</i> 19. 26. | 15 |
| <i>To Sir Charles Sedley</i> | 16 |
| <i>To the Honourable Mrs. E. Stretchy</i> | 17 |
| <i>A Pindarick Poem on Habbakuk</i> | 18 |
| <i>The Athenians to the Compiler of the Pindarick now Recited</i> | 21 |
| <i>A Poetical Question concerning the Jaco- bites, sent to the Athenians</i> | 27 |
| <i>The Athenians Answer</i> | 28 |
| <i>Upon King William's passing the Boyne, &c.</i> | 30 |
| <i>The</i> | |

The Contents.

| | |
|---|-------|
| <i>The Vanity of the World, in a Poem to the Athenians</i> | 33 |
| <i>The Athenians Answer</i> | 35 |
| <i>The Rapture</i> | ibid. |
| A Paraphrase on the CANTICLES, | |
| <i>Chap. I.</i> | 36 |
| <i>Chap. II.</i> | 39 |
| <i>Chap. III.</i> | 42 |
| <i>Chap. IV.</i> | 44 |
| <i>Chap. V.</i> | 47 |
| <i>Chap. VI.</i> | 52 |
| <i>The Fable of Phaeron Paraphrased from Ovid's Metamorphosis</i> | 56 |
| <i>The Wish, in a Poem to the Athenians, 2d Alphabet</i> | I |

The Contents.

| | |
|---|----|
| <i>The Athenians Answer</i> | 3 |
| <i>To one that perswades me to leave the Muses</i> | 6 |
| <i>A Poem occasion'd by the Report of the Queen's Death</i> | 9 |
| <i>Paraphrase on John 21. 17.</i> | 10 |
| <i>Paraphrase on Cant. 5, 6, &c.</i> | 13 |
| <i>A Pindarick to the Athenian So- ciety</i> | 15 |
| <i>Paraphrase on Revel. Chap. 1. from v. 13. to v. 18.</i> | 19 |
| <i>To a very Young Gentleman at a Dan- cing-School</i> | 22 |
| <i>To the same Gentleman</i> | 23 |
| | A |

The Contents.

| | |
|---|----|
| A Pastoral | 24 |
| To Celinda | 27 |
| Thoughts on Death | 28 |
| The Female Passion | 30 |
| To Strephon | 31 |
| Paraphrase on Malachy 3, 14. | 32 |
| On Mrs. Rebekah | 34 |
| By Dispair | 35 |
| To Orestes | 37 |
| The Athenians Answer to the foregoing Poem | 39 |
| Paraphrase on Canticles, 7, 11 | 40 |
| Para- | |

The Contents.

Paraphrase on Micah, 6. 6, 7. 41

The Reflection 43

A Song 44

To Madam S.--- at the Court 46

The Vision. --- To Theron 48

A Pastoral Elegy 51

Parthenia, an Elegy 53

The Reply to Mr.--- 55

A Pastoral on the Queen 56

A Farewel to Love 58

The Athenians Answer to the foregoing Poem 59

Paraphrase on Canticles 61

To 62

(1)

POEMS

O N

Several Occasions.

Platonick Love.

I.

SO Angels Love and all the rest is dross,
Contracted, selfish, sensitive and gross.
Unlike to this, all free and unconfin'd,
Is that bright flame I bear thy brighter mind.

II.

No stragling wish, or symptom of desire,
Comes near the Limits of this holy fire;
A Yet

2 *Poems on several Occasions.*

Yet 'tis intense and active, tho so fine;
For all my pure immortal part is thine.

III.

Why should I then the Heav'nly spark controul,
Since there's no brighter Ray in all my Soul,
Why should I blush to indulge the noble flame,
For which even friendship's a degrading name.

IV.

Nor is the greatness of my Love to thee,
A sacrifice unto the Deity,
Can I th' enticing stream almost adore,
And not respect its lovely fountain more?

HUMANE LOVE:

By a

COUNTRY GENTLEMAN,

In Answer to

PLATONICK LOVE.

I.

SO Angels love, So let them love for me;
As mortal, I must like a mortal be.

My Love's as pure as their's, more unconfin'd;
I love the Body, they but love the Mind.

II.

Without enjoyment, Can desire be ill?

For that which wou'd a Man with pleasure fill;

This more intense and active, sure must be,

Since I both Soul and Body give to thee.

4 Poems on several Occasions.

III.

*This flame as much of Heaven as that contains,
And more, for unto that but half pertains:
Friendship one Soul to th' other doth unite,
But Love joins all, and therefore is more bright.*

IV.

*Neither doth—~~Humane~~ Love—Religion harm,
But rather us against our Vices arm:
Shall I not for a charming Mistress dye?
When Heaven commands *increase and multiply.**

II.

To Mr. — — on his

POEM.

I.

SOME Tuneful Being now my Breast in-
spire
With Thoughts as *Gay and Noble as Celestial*
Fire;

For *Clitus* is my Theam ;
But ah in vain born on *Pindarick* Wings,

My ventrous Muse

The mighty Aim pursues ;
For to his Native Skies still *Clitus* mounts and
Sings,

And we are distant still to an extream.

6 Poems on several Occasions.

II.

Behold the *Heavenly Charmer*, how he keeps a-loft;

While Angels Crowd, and Listen to his Song;

And not an *Angel-Critick* in the throng
That durst correct a Thought.

So Nobly are they Drest,

And Gracefully exprest;

So smoothly glide the Numbers from his Tongue;

So well his Touch the Charming Strings obey,

That all his *Heavenly Auditors* Admire,

To hear him weild an equal Theam with as much skill as they.

His *Voice and Theam* did even their Harps inspire;

And the Glad Anthem they repeat
agen,

"Glory to God, Peace and Good-will to

Men.

To

T O

Mrs. *MARY FRIEND*;

Knowing her but by Report.

T Were both unjust and stupid to refuse
To so much Worth, the Tribute of my
Muse;

Tho Saints, as well, may those Bright Forms
express,

That in a Rapture they conceive of Bliss;

As I can give such Wondrous Charms their
due,

Or, Dress in Words, my Brighter Thoughts of
You:

Charming, and Gay, your *Fair Idea* seems

As Gay, as if compos'd of Love and Beams;

Such Heavenly Rays adorn your Lovely Eyes,

That, by Imagination, they surprize,

And, at your Feet, a Female Victim lies:

8 Poems on several Occasions.

But how, *Fair Nymph*, will your Approaches
Fire,
If Distant Charms such gentle thoughts in-
spire.

PARAPHRASE

On Joh. 3. 16---*For God so loved
the World, that he gave his on-
ly begotten Son, &c.*

I.

YEs ; *so God loved the World* ; But where
Are this Great Loves Dimensions ?

Even Angels stop ; for, baffled here
Are their vast Apprehensions.

In vain they strive to Grasp the *boundless thing* ;
Not all their Comments can explain the migh-
ty Truth I Sing.

Yet
100

II.

Yet still they pause on the Contents
Of this Amazing Story ;
How he that fill'd the *wide extents*
Of Uncreated Glory ?
He whom the Heaven of Heavens cou'd not
contain ;
Shou'd yet within the Sacred Maids *contracted*
Womb remain.

III.

They see him Born, and hear him Weep,
To aggravate their Wonder ;
Whose Awful Voice had shook the Deep,
And Breath'd his Will in Thunder :
That Awful Voice, chang'd to an *Infant's* Cry ;
Whilst in a Feeble Woman's Arms he seems
constrain'd to lye.

10 *Poems on several Occasions.*

I V.

A God (Ah! Where are Humane boasts?)

Extended in a Manger?

The Lord of all the Heavenly Hosts

Expos'd to Scorn and Danger?

The Onely Blest, the All-sufficient Weeps:

But Oh, who Guides the *Staggering World*, while
its Protector Sleeps?

V.

And canst thou Man ungrateful prove.

When 'twas for thy Salvation,

He left those Splendid Seats above,

His late bright Habitation?

Where all his Deity Shone, without the Allay

Of a Seraphick Vehicle, or dedicated Clay.

V I.

Where he Transcendently posselt

The Fullness of Perfection:

Tho here benighted and oppressd,

The Type of all Dejection.

He

Poems on several Occasions. I I

He asks for Food, that gave the *Ravens* Bread;
And the Great Founder of the World *wants*
where to lay his Head.

VII.

But Oh what Dark Catastrophe
Does Hell at last Conspire !
Behold ! upon a *Curst* Tree
The Lord of Life Expire :

From this, Amaz'd, the Sun withdraws his Eye,
Afraid to see his *Maker Bleed, and the Eternal*
Dye.

VIII.

The Seraphims that throng'd about,
'Twixt Hope and Consternation ;
Now Blaze the Wondrous News throughout
The Radians Corporation :

Who vainly strive the Mistry to scan,
And Fathom the Stupendious Depths of this
Great Love to Man.

He

12 Poems on several Occasions

IX.

He on the Rights of Justice stood,
With their *Exalted Nature*,
That now, through Streams of Sacred Blood
Wafts the Terrestrial Creature;
Wafts Dusty-Man to that Felicity,
Which the *Apostate Son* of Light must never
hope to see.

THE Expostulation.

I.

How long, great God, a *wretched captive*
here,

Must I these hated marks of bondage wear?

How long shall these *uneasy chains* controul

The willing flights of my impatient Soul?

How

Poems on several Occasions. 13

How long shall her *most pure intelligence*
Be strain'd through an infectious screen of gross,
corrupted sense?

II.

When shall I leave this *darksome house* of clay;
And to a brighter mansion wing away?
There's nothing here my thoughts to entertain,
But one Tyr'd revolution o're again:
The Sun and Stars observe their wonted round,
The streams their former courses keep: *No Novelty is found.*

III.

The same curst acts of *false fruition* o're,
The same wild hopes and wishes as before;
Do men for this so fondly life caress,
(*That airy buff of splendid emptiness?*)
Unthinking fots: kind Heaven let me be gone,
I'm tyr'd, I'm sick of this *dull Farce's repetition.*

14 Poems on several Occasions.

To my Lady

CARTERET.

TOo great your Power, and too soft my
Breast:

The charming Inspiration to resist:

But Oh in what bold Strain shall I begin,

To breathe th' unusual Potent Instinct in?

Such pleasing looks, in midst of Spring, adorn

The Flowry Fields; *so smiles the Beauteous*
Morn:

But, What are these dull Metaphors to you?

Or, What is all, my Fancy has in view?

A Form more fine, more accurately wrought,

Was ne'r conceiv'd by a Poetick Thought?

So mild your eyes, so beautiful and bright,

That lovelier eyes did ne'r salute the Light;

With such a gentle look, and such an air;

So lovely, so exceeding sweet, and fair,

To us, the Heavenly Messengers appear:

Whilst

Poems on several Occasions. 15

Whilst Man too feeble for their bright extreams,
With such soft Smiles as yours they'r forc't to al-
lay their Beams.

*And, though after my Skin, Worms
destroy this Body, yet in my Flesh
shall I see God, Job 19. 26.*

WHat tho my Soul rent from the close
imbrace

Of this material consort, take its flight,
(Exil'd the Confines of her Native place)
And leave these eyes clos'd in a Dismal Night :
She shall agen resume the dear abode,
And, cloath'd in Flesh, I shall behold my God.

II.

Tho in the Gloomy Regions of the Grave,
Forgotten, and insensible I lye;
That tedious night shall a bright morning have,
The welcome dawns of Eternity.

Mr

16 *Poems on several Occasions.*

*My Soul shall then resume her old abode,
And cloath'd in flesh, I shall behold my God.*

III.

Altho resolv'd unto my Native dust,
Its proper part, each Element refine;
Yet at my awfull Makers breath they must
The Individual Particles resign:
*And then my Soul shall take her old abode,
And cloath'd in Flesh, I shall behold my God.*

T O

Sir CHAREES SEDLEY.

BUt stay'tis Sedley——and it were a crime
For me to grasp a Subject so sublime:
Since nothing but his own Cœlestial lays
Are fit the Authour of such flights to praise,
Nor dare my thoughts make the unequal choice
My Infant-muse has yet, but try'd her tender
voice.

To

To the Honourable

Mrs. E—— Stretchy.

THe Artful hand of Nature ne'r display'd
More skill, then when your *Charming*
Self was made :

A Shape, a Face, and Meen so rare, that we
Think you her boasted Master-piece to be ;
Whilst that *Bright Soul* that Heaven has plac't
within,

Makes every Charm with *double-lustre* shine :

But since I on my Lyre can touch no String,
Equal to those great Merits, I would Sing,
Hopeless, to give such mighty Charms their
due,

I'll leave the World to *Brighter Thoughts* of you.

A Pindarick P O E M on
H A B B A K U K.

I.
When God from *Teman* came,
 And cloath'd in *Glory* from Mount-
Paran shone,
 Drest in th' unsufferable *Flame*
 That hides his *dazling Throne*,
 His *Glory* soon eclips'd the once bright *Titan's*
Rays,
 And fill'd the trembling *Earth* with *Terror* and
Amaze.
 Resplendent *Beams* did crown his awful *Head*,
 And shining *brightness* all around him spread;
 Omnipotence he graspt in his strong *Hand*,
 And *listning Death* stood waiting on his dread
Command;
 Waiting 'till his *resistless Bolts* he'd throw;
 Devouring *Coals* beneath his *Feet* did glow:
 All

Poems on several Occasions. 19

All *Natures Frame* did quake beneath his Feet,
And with his *Hand* he the vast *Globe* did
mete;

The frighted *Nations* scattered,
And at his sight the *baseful Mountains* fled,
The *everlasting Hills* their Founder's Voice obey,
And stoop their *lofty Heads* to make th' *Eternal*
way.

The distant *Ethiops* all *Confusion* are,
And *Midian's* trembling *Curtains* cannot hide
their Fear:

When thy swift *Chariots* pass'd the yielding
Sea,

The *blushing Waves* back in *amazement* flee,
Affrighted *Jordan* stops his *flowing Urn*,
And bids his forward *Streams* back to their *Foun-
tain* turn.

(2.)

Arm'd with thy *mighty Bow*,

Thou march'dst out against thy *daring Foe* :

B 2

And

20 *Poems on several Occasions.*

And very terrible thou didst appear
To them, but thus thy *darling People* cheer.

"Know, *Jacob's Sons*, I am the God of Truth,
"Your Father *Jacob's God*, nor can I break my

Oath

The *Mountains* shook as our dread Lord ad-
vanc'd,

And all the little *Hills* around 'em *danc'd* :

The neighb'ring *Streams* their verdant *Banks*
o'reflow,

The *Waters* saw and trembled at the sight,

Back to their old *Abyss* they go,

And bear the News to *everlasting Night* :

The *Mother Deep* within its hollow *Caverns*
roars,

And beats the *silent Shores*.

The *Sun* above no longer dares to strive,

Nor will his frighted *Steeds* their wonted *Jour-*
ney drive.

Poems on several Occasions. 21

The Moon, to see her Brother stop his Car,
Grew pale, and curb'd her sable Reins for Fear,
Thy threatening Arrows gild their flaming way,
And at the glittering of thy Spear the Heathen dare
not stay ;

The very sight of thee did them subdue,
And arm'd with Fury thou the *VicPry* didst pursue.

So now, great God, wrapt in avenging Thunder,
(der,
Meet thine and William's Foes, and tread them
groveling under.

The ATHENIANS

To the Compiler of the Pindarick
now Recited.

(1.)

WE yield ! we yield ! the Palm, bright
Maid ! be thine !

How vast a Genius sparkles in each
Line !

How Noble all ! how Loyal ! how Di-
vine !

B 3

Sure

20 *Poems on several Occasions.*

And very terrible thou didst appear
To them, but thus thy darling People cheer.
“ Know, *Jacob's Sons*, I am the God of Truth,
“ Your Father *Jacob's God*, nor can I break my
Oath
The Mountains shook as our dread Lord ad-
vanc'd,
And all the little Hills around 'em danc'd :
The neighb'ring Streams their verdant Banks
o'rflew,
The Waters saw and trembled at the sight,
Back to their old Abyss they go,
And bear the News to everlasting Night :
The Mother Deep within its hollow Caverns
roars,
And beats the silent Shores.
The Sun above no longer dares to strive,
Nor will his frightened Steeds their wonted Jour-
ney drive.

Poems on several Occasions. 21

The *Moon*, to see her *Brother* stop his *Car*,
Grew *pale*, and curb'd her *sable Reins* for *Fear*,
Thy *threatning Arrows* gild their *flaming way*,
And at the *glittering* of thy *Spear* the *Heathen* dare
not stay ;

The very *sight* of thee did them *subdue*,
And arm'd with *Fury* thou the *Vict'ry* didst pur-
sue.

So now, great *God*, wrapt in avenging *Thun-*
(der,
Meet thine and *William's Foes*, and tread them
groveling under.

The ATHENIANS
To the Compiler of the Pindarick
now Recited.

(1.)
WE yield ! we yield ! the *Palm*, bright
Maid ! be thine !

How *vast* a *Genius* *sparkles* in each
Line !

How *Noble* all ! how *Loyal !* how *Di-*
vine !

22 *Poems on several Occasions.*

Sure thou by *Heaven-inspir'd*, art sent
To make the *Kings* and *Nations* *Foes* repent,
To melt each *Stubborn Rebel* down,
Or the Almighty's *how'ring Vengeance* show,
Arm'd with his *glittering Spear* and *dreadful*
Bow,

And yet *more dreadful Frown*.

Ah wou'd they *hear* ! ah wou'd they *try*
Th' *exhaustless Mercy* yet in store
From *Earths* and *Heavens* offended *Majesty*,
Both calmly ask, *Why will they dye* ?
Ah ! wou'd they yet *Repent*, and *sin no more* !

(2.)

How *blest'd*, how *happy* we,
Cou'd all we *write* one *Convert* make,
How gladly *New Affronts* cou'd take
One *Convert* to dear *Virtue*, and dear *Loyalty* ?
Tho' the *full Crop* reserv'd for *thee*.
Oh *Virgin* ! touch thy *Lyre* :

What

Poems on several Occasions. 23

What *Fiend* so stubborn to refuse
The *soft*, yet *powerful Charms* of thy *Celestial*
Muse?

What *gentle Thoughts* will they *inspire*!
How will thy *Voice*, how will thy *Hand*,
Black *Rebel-Legions* to the *Deep Command*!
Black *Rebel-Legions* murmuring take their
flight,

And sink away to conscious *Shades* of *everlasting*
Night :

While those they *left*, *amazed stand*,
And scarce *believe* themselves, themselves to
find

Cloath'd, calm, and in a *better Mind*.

(3.)
Begin, begin, thy *Noble Choice*,
Great *William* claims thy *Lyre*, and claims
thy *Voice*,

All like *himself* the *Hero* shew,
Which *none* but *thou* canst do.

24 *Poems on several Occasions.*

At *Landen* paint him, *Spears* and *Trophies*
round,

And *Twenty thousand Deaths* upon the slippery
ground :

Now, now the dreadful *Shock's* begun,

Fierce *Luxemburg* comes *thundering* on :

They *charge, retreat, return* and *fly,*

Advance, retire, kill, conquer, dye !

Tell me, some *God*, what *Gods* are those

Enwra^t in *Clouds* of *Smoak* and *Foes*,

Who oft the *tottering Day* restore ?

'Tis *William* and *Bavaria*, say no more !

William—— that lov'd, that dreadful *Name !*

Bavaria ! Rival of his *Fame*.

A *third* comes *close behind*, who shou'd he be ?

'Tis *Ormond ! mighty Ormond !* sure 'tis he :

'Tis nobly fought—they must prevail;

Ah no, our *Sins* weigh down the doubtful

Scale.

Ah

Poems on several Occasions. 25

Ah thankless *England*, they engag'd for thee,

Or never cou'd have miss'd the *Victory* :

With high *Disdain* from the moist *Field* they go,

And dreadfully *Retreat*, yet Face the trembling
Foe.

(4.)

Thus Sing, *Bright Maid* ! thus and yet louder
Sing,

Thy *God* and *King* !

Cherish that Noble *Flame* which warms thy
Breast,

And be by future *Worlds* admir'd and blest'd :

The present *Ages* short-liv'd *Glories* scorn,

And into wide *Eternity* be born !

There Chast *Orinda's* Soul shall meet with
thine,

More *Noble*, more *Divine* ;

And in the *Heaven of Poetry* for ever shine :

There all the glorious *few*,

To *Loyalty* and *Virtue* true,

Like *her* and *you*.

'Tis

26 *Poems on several Occasions*

'Tis that, 'tis that alone must make you truly
great,

Not all your *Beauty* equal to your *Wis*,

(For sure a *Soul* so fine

Wou'd ne'r possess a *Body* less *divine*)

Not all *Mortality* so loudly *boast*,

Which *withers* soon and *fades*,

Can ought avail when *hurry'd* to th' uncomfor-
table *Coasts*,

Where wander wide *lamenting Ghosts*,

And thin *unbody'd Shades*.

'Tis *Virtue* only with you goes,

And guards you thro' Ten thousand *Foes* ;

Hold fast of that, 'twill soon direct your flight

To *endless Fame* and *endless Light* ;

If that you lose, you *sink* away,

And take eternal leave of *Day*.

Then fly false *Man*, if you'd an *Angel* prove,

And consecrate to *Heaven* your Nobler *Love*.

*A Poetical Question concern-
ing the Jacobites, sent to the
Athenians.*

T*Was nobly thought, and worthy—still;
So I resolv'd to employ my Loyal Quill.
Virtue, and our unequal'd Heroes praise:
What Theams more glorious can exact my Lays
William! A Name my Lines grow proud to bear!
A Prince as Great, and wondrous Good, as e're
The sacred Burden of a Crown did wear. }
Resolve me, then, Athenians, what are those,
(Can there be any such?) Tom call his Foes?
His Foes, Curst word, and why they'd pierce his breast,
Ungrateful Vipers! where they warmly rest?*

The Athenians Answer.

THeir Name is Legion, grinning from a far
Against the Throne, who wage unequal
War;

Tho' nearer, on perpetual Guard, attends
A far more numerous Host of brighter Friends:
Around our Prince, Heav'n's Care, the sacred Band
With fiery Arms in firm Battalia stand:
To him mild Light, and Lambent Beams they
show,

But Wrath and Terror to his harden'd Foe.
See the black Phalanx melt, they melt away,
As guilty Ghosts flink from approaching Day,
Behold their Leaders, deckt in horrid State,
Nor wonder why they Heav'n and Caesar hate.

First mark their haughty General, arm'd complete

In Plates of glowing Steel! 'tis Lucifer the great!
See

Poems on several Occasions. 29

See his proud *Standard* o're his *Tent* enlarg'd!
With *bloated Toads*, an odious *Bearing*, charg'd.
The ancient *Arms* which once his *Shield* adorn'd,
'Tho' 'tis of late to *Flour-de-Lis's* turn'd.

Blasphemous Belial! next thy *Squadrons* stand!
Lawless and *Lewd*, a baffled blasted band,
Each holds a kindled *Pamphlet* in his hand.

These make the *Gross*, the rest we may de-
spise,
(*Retailers* they of *Treason*, and of *Lies*)
Lucifer's Friends, and *Cæsars Enemies*.

Ah were there *none* but these, who wou'd not be
Proud and *Ambitious* of their *Enmity*!

There's one small *party*, near, too near their *Line*,
Which *hover* yet, and scarce know which to
joyn.

No black, no ugly *marks* of *Sin* disgrace
Their hobler *Forms*, no *malice* in their *Face* :
A *Duskier Glean* they wear then e're they fell,
Their *Plumes* just *scorcht*, too near ally'd to *Hell*.
What

30 Poems on several Occasions.

What mad *mistaken* bravery draws 'em in,
 Where *Constancy's* no Virtue but a Sin?
 How can they still their *fallen Prince* esteem?
 When *false* to *Heaven*, why are they *true* to *him*?
 O! must they *sink*! a glorious *Starry Race*!
 They are almost too *good*, for that *sad place*.
 That *waits* their *Fall*: It must not, *cannot* be,
 If *err* we do, wee'l *err* with *Charity*,
Father! they may be *Sav'd!* we'll *joyn* with
Thee!

Upon King William's passing the Boyn, &c.

What *mighty genious* thus excites my
 (Breast
 With flames too great to manage or
 (resist;
 And prompts my humbler Muse at once to Sing,
 (Unequal Task) the *Hero* and the *King*.

Poems on several Occasions: 31

Oh were the potent inspiration left !

I might find words its Raptures to express ;

But now I neither can its force controul,

Nor paint the *great Ideas* of my Soul :

Even so the *Priests Inspir'd*, left half the Mind

Of the *unutterable* God behind.

Too soft's my Voice the *Hero* to express ;

Or, like himself, the War-like Prince to dress ;

Or, speak him Acting in the dreadful Field,

As Brave Exploits as e'r the Sun beheld ;

(Secure, and Threatning as a *Martial God*,

Among the thickest of his Foes he Rode ;

And, like an Angry *Torrent* forc't his way

Through all the Horrors that in Ambush lay ;

Or at the *Boyme* describe him as he stood

Resolv'd, upon the edges of the Flood :

On, on, Great *William* ; for no Breast but
Thine,

Was ever urg'd with such a Bold Design :

Indulge

32 *Poems on several Occasions.*

Indulge the Motions of this Sacred Heat;
For none but thee *can weild a thought so great.*
He's lanch'd, he's lanch'd; the foremost from the
Shore;

The Noblest Weight that e'r the River Bore.
To smoooth their Streams, the smiling *Naiades*
hast;

And, Rising, did him Homage as he pass'd:
And all the shapes of Death and Horror——
No more--ah stay--though in a cause so good;
'Tis pitty to expend that Sacred Blood.

Why wilt thou thus the boldest Dangers seek,
And foremost through the Hostile Squadrons break?
Why wilt thou thus so bravely venture all?
Oh, where's unhappy *Albion*, should'st thou
fall?

Keep near him still, you kind *Aethereal Powers*;
That Guard him, and are pleas'd, the Task is
yours.

All

Poems on several Occasions. 33

All the Ill Fate that threatens him oppose;
Confound the Forces of his Foreign Foes,
And Treacherous Friends less generous than those;
May Heaven success to all his Actions give,
And long, and long, and long, let WILLIAM live:

*The Vanity of the World,
In a Poem to the Athenians.*

WHat if serenely blest with Calms I swam
Pactolus! in thy golden Sanded stream?
Not all the wealth that lavish Chance cou'd give
My soul from Death cou'd one short Hour relieve.
When from my Heart the wandering Life must move
No Cordial all my useless Gold cou'd prove.
What tho' I plung'd in Joys so deep and wide;
'Tvou'd tire my Thoughts to reach the distant side,
Fancy it self 'twou'd tire to plumb the Abyss;
If I for an uncertain Lease of this
Sold the fair hopes of an eternal bliss?

34 Poems on several Occasions.

What if invested with the Royal State
 Of dazzling Queens, ador'd by Kings I sat?
 Yet when my trembling Soul's dislodg'd wou'd be
 No Room of State within the Grave for me.
 What if my Touth, in Wits and Beautys bloom
 Shou'd promise many a flatt'ring Tear to come:
 Tho' Death shou'd pass the beauteous Flourisher,
 Advancing Time wou'd all its Glory marr.
 What if the Muses loudly sang my Fame,
 The barren Mountains ecchoing with my Name?
 An envious puff might blast the rising Pride.
 And all its bright conspicuous Lustre hide.
 If o're my Relicks Monuments they raise
 And fill the World with Flattery, or with Praise,
 What wou'd they all avail, if sink I must,
 My Soul to endless shades, my Body to the dust?

The Athenians Answer.

Nothing, Ah nothing! *Virtue* only gives
Immortal *praise* that only ever *lives*.
What *pains* wait *Vice*, what endless *Worlds* of *Woe*
You *know* full well, but may you *never know*.

The R A P T U R E.

I.

Lord! if one distant glimpse of thee
Thus elevate the Soul,
In what a height of Extasie
Do those blest'd Spirits roll;

2. (1)

Whoby a fixt eternal View
Drink in immortal Raies;
To whom unveiled thou dost shew
Thy Smiles without Allays?

36 Poems on several Occasions.

3.

*An Object which if mortal Eyes
Cou'd make approaches to,
They'd soon esteem their best-lov'd Toys
Not worth one scornfull View.*

4.

*How then, beneath its load of Flesh
Wou'd the vex'd Soul complain!
And how the Friendly Hand she'd bless
Wou'd break her hated Chain!*

A Paraphrase on the
CANTICLES.

CHAP. I.

(1)

Wilt thou deny the bounty of a Kiss,
And see me languish for the Melting
More sweet to me than bright delicious Wine, *(bliss)*
Prest from the Purple clusters of the Vine:

Poems on several Occasions. 37

*As Fragrant too as Ointments poured forth,
Are the loud Eccho's of thy matchless worth;
Which makes the Virgins, kindled by thy fame,
Wish to expire in the Celestial Flame:*

*Come then, display thy Lovely Face, and we,
Drawn by resistless Charms, will follow thee;
Into thy Royal Chambers brought, where I,
May see my Lord, and fear no Witness by.*

*I'm black, tis true, for scorching in the Sun;
I kept anothers Vine, and left my own;
But tho thus Clouded, the reflecting Face
Of my Bright Love shall all this blackness chase.*

*Say then my Dear, much dearer than my Soul;
Where feed thy Milky Flocks? Unto what cool
Refreshing Shade dost thou resort? least I
Should (as I languish) in thy absence dye:
Say, Lovely Shepherd, say, What happy Streams
Are gilded now with thy Illustrious Beams?*

38 Poems on several Occasions.

(2)

I'll tell thee, *Fairest* of all *Women*, how,
Thou maist my most frequented *Pastures* know:
Follow the *Footsteps* of my *Flocks*, and there
I will not fail to Meet my Charming Fair.
Whom I, as *Mistress* of my *Flocks* will Grace,
And on her *Brows* immortal *Garlands* Place.

(3)

The while my *Spicknard* shall ascend, and
(Greet
My Charmer with its *Tributary* Sweet:
Then, all the Night, upon my Panting Breast,
As *Fragrant-Mirr*, let my *Beloved* Rest.
So Sweet he is, that *Mirr*, nor *Cypress* ere
With such *Delicious* *Breathings* fill'd the *Air*.
When thy *Two* *Lovely* *Eyes* Inflamm'd my *Heart*,
It leaps for *Joy*, and meets th' unerring *Dart*.

Poems on several Occasions. 39

(4)
Oh thou more *Fair*, more vastly *bright*, then all
The World did ever *Bright*, or *Glorious* call!
My *Verdant Love* still flourishing, to thee
Shall fixt, as our *Eternal Mansions* be.

C H A P. II.

(1)
A T thy Approach, my *Cheek* with *Blushes*
And *Conscious warmth*, which with Thee comes
Like the *Pale Lilly* joyn'd to *Sharon's-Rose*;
And *Thorns* to them I sooner would compare,
Then other *Beauties* to my *Darling Fair*.

(2)
And I as soon would rank a *Fruitful Tree*
With barren *shrubs*, as *Mortal clouds* with thee.

40 Poems on several Occasions

Beneath thy *Shade*, blest, to my wish, I fate,
 And of thy Royal *Banquet* freely eat;
 Whilst o'r my head a *Banner* was display'd;
 In which, oh Melting Sight, the God of Love
 (did Bleed.
Excess of *Pleasure* will my *Soul* destroy;
 I'm ev'n oppress'd with the *Tyrannick* Joy:
 Oh therefore turn thy *Lovely* Eyes away;
 (Yet do not, for I die unless they stay.)
 I faint, I faint; alas! no Mortal yet,
 With eyes undazzled half this *Splendor* met:
 But sure I cannot sink, upheld by Thee;
 So would I rest unto *Eternity*,
 And now I charge you, *Virgins*, not to make
 The least disturbance, till my Love awake,

What Charming Voice is that Salutes my Ear?
 It must be my Beloved's; he is near:
 He is, and yet unfriendly stays without:
 He stays, as if he did a Wellcome doubt.

But

Poems on several Occasions. 41

But hark, methinks I hear him softly say;
Arise my *Fair*, arise, and come away!
For loe the *Stormy Winter's* past and gone;
And *Summer*, Drest in all her *Pride*, comes on:
The *Warbling Birds* in *Airy Raptures* Sing
Their glad *Pindaricks* to the *Wellecome-Spring*:
The *Fig-Trees* sprout, the *Chearful Vines* look
(Gay;
Arise my *Lovely Fair*, and come away!
Come Forth, my *Dove*, my *Charming Innocence*;
How canst thou *Fear* while I am thy *Defence*?

(4)

Do thou the *Spightful Foxes* then *Destroy*,
That would my *Young Aspiring Vines* Annoy.
Not for the *World* would I exchange my *Bliss*,
While my *Beloved's Mine*, and I am *Hir*.
And till the *break* of that *Eternal Day*,
Whose *Rising Sun* shall chase the *Shades* away;
Turn, my *Beloved*, turn again; and thy
Dear sight shall make the lazy *Moments* fly.

C H A P.

Poems on several Occasions. 43

Him to my *Mother's House* I did convey;
Humble it was, and yet he *deign'd* to stay.

And now I charge you, *Virgins*, not to make
The least disturbance, till my *Love* awake,

(*Bridegroom.*)

Glorious as *Titan*, from the *Eastern Seas*

A *Beauty* comes from yon *dark Wilderness* :

So *Sacred Incense* proudly rises up

In *cloudy Pillars* of perfumed *smoke* :

Compounded Spices of the greatest cost

Could ne'r such *Aromatick sweetness* boast.

(*Bride.*)

The *Shining Courts* of *Princely Solomon*

Were nobly crowded with a *Warlike Train* :

All *Arm'd* compleatly, all *Expert* in *Fight*,

To *Guard* him from the *Terrors* of the *Night*.

A *Chariot Royal* too himself he had ;

Its *Pillars* of *refined Silver* made :

44 *Poems on several Occasions.*

The Seats of Gold, fair Purple Clouds above ;
And, all the bottom, softly pav'd with Love.
But loe, a Prince then Solomon, more great ;
On whom vast Troops of shining Angels wait:
His Crown more bright, and fixt, than that which
(Shone
Upon the Nuptial brows of Solomon.

CHAP. IV.

(Bridegroom.)

T Ho all the *lower World* should *ransacks* be,
 There could be found no *parallel* for
 (thee :
 Thy *Eyes* like *Doves*, thy fair intangling *Locks*,
 Curl'd, and soft as *Gileads* *Milky Flocks* :
 Like them thy *Pearly Teeth* appear, for so
 Unsully'd from the *Chrystal Streams* they go.
 But oh ! To what may I thy *Lips* compare ?
 Since fragrant *Roses Bloom* not half so fair.

The

Poems on several Occasions. 45

The *Morning* ne'r with such a *Crimson* blush,
When from the *Arms* of *sooty Night* she rush.
The ripe *Pomgranates* *Scarlets* are but *faint*,
To those fresh *Beauties* that thy *Cheeks* do *paint*.
Thy *Neck* and *Breasts*, in *Whiteness*, do out-goe
Ungather'd Lillies, or descending *Snow*.

And till the *dawn* of that *expected Day*,
When all my *Radiant Glories* I display,
And Chase, at once, the *Injurious Shades* away: }

I'll on the *Hills* of *Frankincense* reside,
And pass the time with thee my *Charming Bride*;
My *Love*, in whom such vast *perfections* meet,
As renders her *transcendently compleat* :

Then, come with me, from *Lebanon*, my *Spouse*,
O come, and look beyond this *Scene* of *woes* :

Thou may'st, and yet it is but *darkly*, see
The *bright abodes* I have prepar'd for thee :

So *sweet* she looks, that in blest *Transports* I,
Meet the *believing glances* of her eye ;

My

46 Poems on several Occasions:

My All on Earth, my Sister, and my Spouse;
 Whom, from a Vast Eternity I chose;
 Not Golden Goblets, Crown'd with noble Wine
 E're gave such *Elevating Joys* as Thine;
 Such, as the soft expressions of thy Love;
 So much those dear, those charming accents move.
 My Love is like a Flow'ry Mansion Wall'd,
 Or some reserved *Chrystal Fountain* seal'd;
 Whose Waves, untouch't, through secret Chan-
 Untainted, as the *Silver Streams*, that glide
 From Heaven, assaulting *Lebanon*; and fair,
 As *Beauteous Edens* Gilded Currents were.

(Bride.)

Were I a Garden, every Flower in me
 Should proudly yield their conscious Sweets to
 The ruddy fruits should thy arrival greet,
 And Smile, and gently bend, thy Lips to meet.

Bridegroom:

Poems on several Occasions. 47

Bridegroom,

So strongly thy kind Invitations move,
I will my *Garden* see, my *Garden*, and my *Love*.
Not *Hybla's* Hives such precious Sweets can
(yield,
Nor Clusters brought from rich *Engad's* Field,
Which, to my lips, I'll raise with eager *haste*;
My *Lips* that long'd the Heavenly *Fruit* to taste.

C H A P. V.

THE *Night* her blackest *Vestments* had
(put on,
And all the fair remains of *day* were
(gone;
When my dear Lord, as he had oft before,
With Speed and Love approach'd the bolted
(Door:
Arise, my Love, he cries, and with a Voice,
Divinely charming, pleads his *entrance* thus;
My *Spouse*, my *Sister*, and my fairest *Love*,
(Believing, sure, that *Dialect* would move;)
Arise,

48 Poems on several Occasions.

Arise, for loaden with the Midnight Dew,
 Disorder'd, all my streaming Tresses flew:
 I knew the Voice, the moving Eloquence;
 But ah! deluded by my drowsie sence;
 Careless, and Soft, upon a Mossy Bed,
 I lean'd *Supine*, with *Odorous Roses* spread;
 And long, with weak *Excuses*, did delay,
 Amazing him at my *unwonted stay*.
 Mov'd, with his *Patience*, my relenting *Breast*,
 Forgetting now to say, I am *Undrest*.
 Unto the *Door*, at length, I rush'd, in spite
 Of *Darkness*, and the *Terrors* of the *Night*;
 With *Rage*, to break the guilty *Bars* I try'd,
 Which Entrance to my Lord so long deny'd:
 But found the dear relenting Charmer fled,
 I curs'd my *Sloth*, and curs'd my conscious *Bed*.
 Yet such a *fragrant Sweetness* fill'd the *Air*
 From his dear *Hands*, I thought he had still been

(there.

Poems on several Occasions. 49

I call'd aloud, still hoping he was near,

And louder still; but Ah! he wou'd not hear:

Then thro' the *Streets*, distracted with my

(*Grief*

I wildly roving, begg'd of all, *relief*.

At last I met th' ungentle *Watch*, and they

Deride my *Tears*, and for e my *Veil* away.

Ye tender *Virgins*! you that know the *pain*

A *Breast* so *soft* as mine must needs *sustain*,

Robb'd of the once kind *Partner* of my *Fires*,

And still dear *Object* of my rackt *desires*;

I charge you, if you meet my *absent Love*,

With all the *Rhetorick* of our *Sex*, to move

His deafn'd *Ears*; and tell him, with a *Sigh*;

Deep as my *Wounds*, ah tell him how I *dy*.

-Perhaps that *Tragick Word* may force the dear

Relentless *Author* of my *Grief* to hear.

50 *Poems on several Occasions.*

Daughters of Jerusalem.

What thy Beloved is, we first wou'd know,
Fairest of *Women* ! thou dost charge us so.
What *Charms unequal'd* in him dost thou see,
Impatient Fair ! to raise these *Storms* in thee ?

Sponsa.

Commencing all *Perfection*, he is such
Your most exalted *Thoughts* can hardly touch,
Unstilly'd heaps of *Snow* are not so white,
He's Fairer than condensed *Beams* of *Light*,
His *Rosy Cheeks* of such a *lucent Dy*,
As *Sol* ne're gilded on the morning *Sky*.
His *Head* like *polish'd Gold*, his graceful *Hair*,
Dark as the *Plumes* that jetty *Ravens* wear.

His

on several Occasions. 51

His *Eyes*, the endless *Magazines* of *Love*,
How *soft* ! how *sweet* ! how *powerfully* they
(*move* !

He *breathes* more *sweetness* than the *Infant Morn*,
When *Heavenly Dews* the *Flowry Plains* Adorn.
The *Fragrant Drops* of *Rich Arabian Gums*
Burnt on the *Altar*, yield not such *Perfumes*.
His *Hands*, surpassing *Lillies*, grac'd with *Gems*,
Fit to *Enrich Cæstia*l *Diadems*.

His *Breast* smooth *Ivory*, *Enamel'd* all
With *Veins*, which *Saphirs* 'twere unjust to call
Divine his *Steps*, with his *Majestick Air*,
Not ev'n the *Lofly Cedars* can compare.
So sweet his *Voice*, the listning *Angels* throng
With silent *Harps* to th' *Musick* of his *Tongue*.
— He's altogether — *Lovely*, This is *He*,
Now, *Virgins* ! *Pity*, tho' you *envy* *Me*.

52 *Poems on several Occasions*

C H A P. VI.

(*Virgins.*)

B Ut where, ah where can this bright won-
(*der be*)

För, till we see *Him*, we are all on *Fire* ;

We'll find *Him out*, or in the search *Expire*.

(*Bride.*)

If my *Prophetick Hopes* can rightly guess,

The *Lovely Wanderer* in his *GARDEN* is

Among the *Lillies*, and the *Spices* ; He

Is now perhaps kindly *expecting Me* ;

Oh 'tis a *Heaven of Joy* to think him *Mine*.

(*Bridegroom.*)

And who can see those *Eyes* and not be *thine* ?

Thy

Poems on several Occasions. 53

Thy Face, where all the Conquering Graces
(meet;

Where Majesty doth *Virgin-softness* greet :

Ah turn away those Fair Approachless Eyes ;

I Love, but cannot bear the kind Surprise.

Hide, hide the *intangling glories* of thy Hair ;

More bright than *Streams of Fluid Silver* are :

Expose no more thy *Pearly Teeth*, the while

Those *Rosie Cheeks* put on kind looks and smile :

Such *genuine charmes*, how strongly they allure

My Soul, and all their *rivalls beams* obscure.

They'r numberless, my Spouse, my Darling.

(Fair;

But one, the Choice, and all her Mother bare.

The *Royal Beauties* saw, and blest the Sight ;

And Setting, wonder'd at a Star so Bright.

Who is't, they say, Fair as the *breaking*

(Morn,

When ruddy beams the bashful Skys adorn?

54 *Poems on several Occasions.*

Clear as the *Lamp* that Gilds the *Sable Night* ;

Dazling as *Sols* unsufferable *Light* :

Gentle, but awfull, as a *Scene of War* ;

At once her *Graces* conquer and *Indear*.

And could'st thou think, my Love, I e're de-

(sign'd

To leave a Spouse so *Beautiful* and *Kind* ?

I went but down into the *Almond-grove*,

A *Lone-recess*, indulgent to my Love ;

Thence rang'd the pleasant *Vale*, whose Spread-

(ing Vine

May quit my care perhaps with *Bounteous*

(Wine :

Where the *Pomgranets* Blooming-Fruits dis-

(play

More *Sanguine-Colours* than the *Wings* of

(Day :

Or

Poems on several Occasions. 55

Or e're I was aware, my *happy Eyes*
Met Thee, a *Juster Object of surprize*;
Fair as a Vision breaking from the Skyes :

Scarce could my *Breast* my *leaping heart* retain;
Scarce could my *Soul* the *unweildy Joy* su-
(*stain,*)

When I beheld those *Wellcome Eyes* again.

But why that *Discontent* upon thy *Brow*?

Thou wilt not leave me, *Cruel Beauty*, now !

Injurious Charmer, stay - What needs this *Art*,

To try the *Faith* of a *Too-constant heart* :

Return again; let my *Companions* see

The *Sweet Inspirer* of my *Flames* in Thee.

Return, my *Dear*, *return*, and shew the most

Victorious Face that e're the *World* could boast.

THE
FABLE of PHAETON

Paraphrased From
OVID's METAMORPHOSIS.

With swelling thoughts fixt on his great
(intent,
Now *Phaeton* had climb'd the Suns ascent ;
And to his radiant Father's Pallace came ;
Whose heavenly feat lookt blazon'd all with
(flame:
On Stately Pedestalls erected high
Above the Convex of the utmost Sky :
Its Glorious Front, dazled, yet pleas'd the sight,
With vigorous sallys of Æthereal Light.
The entrance, all divinely deckt, was wrought,
Beyond the invention of a humane thought ;
With

Poems on several Occasions. 57

With various figures exquisite and bold,
As the Amazing Novelties they told.

Here awful *Neptune* rises from the deep,
Around the peaceful *Billows* seem to sleep:

Here dreadful *Whales* the Blust'ring *Tritons*
(stride,

And raise a *Silver Tempest* as they glide:

In mighty *shells* the lovely *Nereids* swim,

And blewih gods the lofty *billows* climb.

Wide from the Shore a pleasant scene of

(Land,

With careless *Beauty* did it self expand:

Here Mountains, Valleys, Springs, and Sacred

(Groves,

Flocks, Herds, Unpolish'd Shepherds, and their

(Loves;

The Dryads, Satyrs, Silver Gods, and Fawns,

Had here their Rural Pallaces and Lawns.

58 Poems on several Occasions

Above all this, appear'd the blest abodes,
 And gay-Pavilions of th' Immortal Gods :
 Upon a Painted-Zodiack brightly shone
 With Glittering Emeralds *Sols resurgent Thrones* :
 Here sat in Purple the *Bright God of Day*,
 (Whom *Phaeton* now trembles to survey :)
 Smooth were his Cheeks, most lovely eyes, his
 (brows
 Adorn'd with *rays*, and his own sacred *boughs* :
 Around, the *days*, the *months*, and *years* attend,
 While, at his feet, the crooked *Ages* bend :
 The beauteous Spring (more gay than all the
 (rest,)
 Stood smiling by, clad in a Flowry Vest :
 Summer, with *Ears of Corn*, her temples bound,
 And Autumn with *Luxuriant Clusters* crown'd :
 In order next old hoary-*Winter* stood ;
 His Aspect *horrid*, and congeal'd his blood.

Surrounded

Poems on several Occasions. 59

Surrounded thus with Majesty and State,
 Bold *Phantom's* Illustrious *Father* fate:

The God his ventrous Off-spring now espies;

Amaz'd! demands, What urg'd his enter-

(prize?

And what great Embassy cou'd bring him

(to the Skies?

Monarch of Light, the doubtful Youth returns.

Whose absence *Life* it self and *Nature* mourns :

Most splendid Ruler of the wellcome Day,

Serenest Spring of all that's fair and gay—

If bolder I may speak--if e're--if e're

The Thoughts of *Love and Clymene* were dear ;

---Then grant a certain sign, that may on
(Earth

Resolve the *question'd grandeur* of my Birth.

My best-lov'd-Son, great *Pharos* made,

(Reply,

(And back he casts the radiant Energy

Of his thick beams) my *Phaeton* draw Nigh:

And

60 *Poems on several Occasions.*

And doubt no longer my *Paternal rights* ;
For, by my *Clymene*, by th' Intense delights
That gave thee Birth, so— now chuse a *sign*,
And by the *Dark Infernal Lake* 'tis thine.

Straight the *ambitious youth* demands the
(*sway*
Of his hot *Steeds*, and *Chariot* of the *Day*.

Amaz'd, the *lucent Deity* shook his head,
Revolving his *Tremendous Oath*, and said ;

Unthinking Phaeton what dost thou ask ?
Not *Jove* himself durst undertake the *Task* :
Though not a God in the *Blew-Arch* more great,
Yet even he'd decline our *Flaming Seat*.

Can'st thou, a *Mortal*, then supply my *Throne* ?
Curb my fierce *Steeds*, and pass the *Intemperate*
(*Zone* ?

So hard and difficult, the *ascent* of day
Scarce with *fresh Horses* vanquish I the way:

With

Poems on several Occasions. 61

With *horror*, on the distant Earth at *Noon*,
We from the *Zenith's* dismal height look
(down

The steep *Descent*; from thence we swiftly
(roul:

Nor here our headlong *Courfers* Brook con-
(troul.

Even Lovely *Thetis* sees my *Fall* with dread,
Though every Night she expects me to her
(*Bed*.

Besides, thou'lt meet a Thousand rugged Jarrs
From the incountring Motions of the *Stars*;
Scarce our Immortal *Efforts* stem their force:
Betwixt the Bulls sharp hornes then lies thy
(course,

By *Sagittarius*, and the *Scorpion's* Claws,
The Gastly *Crab*, and *Leo's* dreadful Jaws.

Expect no *Groves*, nor Flowry *Mansions* there,
Nor Gods, nor Nymphs; but Monsters every
(where,

The

62 *Poems on several Occasions.*

Then let a Father's timely Care persuade,
And yet retract the dangerous *Choice* thou'st
(made

Be wise, and urge no more this fatal *Sign* ;

Alas, my *Grief*, too sadly, speaks thee *Mine*.

Of all the Earths, or Seas rich Bosoms hide,

Or *Treasures* which in upper Air abide ;

Ask what thou wilt, or dar'st (besides) to
(wish ;

Do, *Phaeton*, ask any thing but *this* ;

And, by my former Sacred *Oath*, 'tis thine.

But the *hot* Youth, fixt on his rash design,

With such an Enterprize, the more *inflam'd*

His anxious *Father's Oath*, now boldly claim'd,

Who forc'd to yield. The nimble *hours* soon
(brought

His *Chariot* forth in hot *Vesuvio* wrought,

By crafty *Vulcan*, and the *Cyclops* Art,

Who'd shown immortal skill in every part :

The

Poems on several Occasions. 63

The *Wheels*, and *Axeltres*, the purest Gold,
Bright as those *Lucid Tracts* in which they
(roul'd :

The *Harnes* all Emboss'd with *Crysolites*,
And twinkling *sparks* of wondrous colour'd Lights.

But now *Aurora* from her Eastern Bed,
Had, o'er the Expanse her Dewy Mantle
(spread :

The Sickly Moon the Hemisphere resigns ;
And, with her Waning, *Lucifer* declines.

The *Dawning* grew more fair and ruddy still,
And *Sol* officious now against his will :

With *Sacred Compounds* his fierce *Orb* allays,

Then crowns the Joyful *Hero* with his *Rays* :

With tender Speeches caution'd thus the while,

Let not Presumption thy fond 'Thoughts be-
(guile'

To give my hot unruly Steeds their course,

But use the *Reins*, with utmost care and force,

Along

64 *Poems on several Occasions.*

Along a beaten, broad, and oblique way;
Far from the *Poles*, now lies the *Road of Day*.
Avoid the *Altar*, and the hissing *Snake*,
Both *opposite*, betwixt them keep the *Track*;
Observe a careful distance from the *Skies*,
Lest thou affront the awful *Deities*;
Nor near the *Earth* approach, *the mean is best*;
To *Destiny* with *hope* I leave the rest.
For, loe the pale *Commandress* of the *Night*
Resigns her *Empire* to th' expected *Light*.
Take up the *Reins*; or yet, or yet be *wise*,
And grasp a more *proportion'd* enterprize:

But *Phaeton*, as *resolute* as *great*,
Undaunted, leaps into the *Blazing Seat*;
Pleas'd with his glorious charge, nor doubts his
(Skill
To manage it, he Mounts th' *Olympick Hill*.

Poems on several Occasions. 65

Aloud th' Immortal Steeds begin to Neigh,
And strike their Fiery *Hoofs*, and make new

(*Day*;

As through the clouds they cut their *sparkling*

(*way*:

And finding now the Reeling *Chariot* fraught
With nothing congruous to *Celestial* weight;

Unruly grow, and heedless of the *Rein*;

Its feeble *Checks*, and trembling *Guide* disdain;

And, all disorder'd, *careless* of their *way*,

Through *Paths* unknown to *Sol* himself, they

(*stray*:

Now near the Fair *Triones*, who, in vain,

Implor'd more Temperate *Quarters* in the

(*Main*

With Heat reviv'd, see the fierce *Serpent* roul,

Tho' fix'd his Station near the Frozen Pole.

Bootes *sweats*, and drives his *Lazy Team*

A nimble *pace*; untry'd before by them.

66 Poems on several Occasions.

As much distress'd, unhappy *Phaeton*
 From Great *Olympus* arch'd Top looks down:
 Black horror now, and aggravating fear,
 Through all his Conscious thoughts trium-
 (phant were:
 He Curs't his *Pride*, conspicuous Seat, and Birth,
 And covets the obscurest place on *Earth*;
 To be the Son of *Meropes*, safe below,
 Unknown to Gods and Men, would please him
 (now;
 So, all confus'd, the hopeless *Pilot* Raves,
 And yields, at last, to the relentless *Waves*.
 What can he do? much of the *Glowing East*
 Is yet Unconquer'd; more he dreads the *West*,
 That dangerous *Fall*; nor one clear *Track* can
 (fin'd
 In Heaven; nor call his Horses *Names* to mind:
 VVho now near where the dreadful *Scorpion*
 (lay,
 Hurry'd the shatter'd Chariot of the Day:

Proud

Proud of the *Reins*, which from his trembling
 Now faintly drop, no obstacle withstands ^{(hands}
 Their furious course; but through the blazing ^{(Sky}
 They foam, and rave, and all disorder'd fly.
 Now upward, to the Stars, a *Path* they rend,
 Then down agen the frightful *Steeps* descend:
 Below, her own *Diana* from afar,
 With wonder, views her radiant *Brothers Car*:
 The exhaled Earth down to its Centre dry,
 Wants *Juice*, her fainting *Products* to supply:
 Assaulted with the too prevailing rays,
 In fatal Flames, whole *Towns* and *Mountains*
 (blaze:

High *Athos*, *Oete*, and the Pin'y top
 Of pleasant *Ida* into Cinders drop:
 Old *Tmolus*, the *Cicillian* Mount, and high
Parnassus, smoak up to the darkned Sky:
Vesuvio roars, more fierce its entrails glow;
 Nor work the *Cyclops* at their Anvils now.

68 *Poems on several Occasions.*

Steep *Othrys*, *Cynthus*, *Erix*, *Mimas*, flame
Nor *Rhodopean* Snows the fiercer Fire can
(tame.

Caucasus fries, *Dindyma* chaps, and burns
Her kindling Grove; fair *Apbrodites* mourns.
The Airy *Alps*, and Gloomy *Appenine*,
With *Offa*, in the conflagration shine:
Surrounded thus with Smoak, and Wrathful
(Fires,

Unhappy *Phaeton* almost expires:
Despair within, and *Terror* all without,
By's furious Steeds, at pleasure, hurl'd about;
Gasping, and faint, still hurried round, nor
(more,

Tho prop't by Fate, a *Mortal* could have bore:
They say, the *Ethiopians* now with heat
Adult, and scorch't, diffus'd a Sable Sweat;
And all the wasted *Fountains* sadly ring
Of some fair *Nais*, Mourning for her Spring.

Nor

Poems on several Occasions. 69

Nor from the Mightyer Streams the Flame re-

no show from the (coils,

For in its Channel antient Tana's boys.

Xanthus, whose Waves agen that Fate must

(know;

Meander, whose wild Waters, circling flow.

Melas, Eurotas, Liger, and the Fair

Euphrates, Torrents, half exhausted are.

Orontes, Phasis, and the cooler Stream

Of Sperchius now like boyling Chalidron's Steam;

Alpheus, Ganges, and the flowing Gold,

That in the Rich Pactolus Channel rould :

The Muses Mourn ; their Swans, who, as they

(dye

In Charming Notes, breath their own Elegy :

Deep, in his utmost Subterranean Bed,

Great Nilus hides his undiscover'd Head.

70 *Poems on several Occasions.*

Earth cracks, to *Hell* descend the hated *beams*,
And *Plague* the howling *Ghosts* with worse ex-
(streams:

The exhausted *Ocean* leaves a *Field* of *Sand* ;
Nor does yet *Neptune* one cool *Wave* com-
(mand.

He has lost his share of the grand *Monarchy*,
And vainly lifts his forked *Trident* high.-
The *Lovely Sisters* melt upon the *Rocks*,
While *Aged Doris* tares her *Silver Locks* :
The *Phoca* dye ; the *Dolphins* vainly dive
In scalding *streams*, to keep themselves alive.
As much the *Goddeſs* of the *Earth* diſtreſt,
With trembling *Lips* the *King* of *Gods* addreſt ;
If thou the *Groaning World's* *Deſtruction*
(mean,
(Incenſed *Jove*) VVhy ſleep thy *THUNDERS*
(then?

If

Poems on several Occasions. 71

If thou the cause of this *Calamity*;
Or if 'tis some less potent God then *thee* :
VVhere's all thy *goodness*, all thy *gentle* care
For Mortals now - that should these Ills re-
Have I for this thy Sacred *Villims* fed (pair?
In Hecatombs, to thy high *Altars* led ?
Those *Altars*, which with thy bright *Temples*
VVhile *Jove*, in vain, the gasping-*Priests* In- (smoke;
And loe the Mighty *Poles* begin to *swave*; (voke:
And, Wher's thy *Starry Seas* should they *con-*
Tyr'd *Atlas* sweating, of his load complains, (sume ?
And scarce the *burning Axletree* sustains :
But, fainting here, she stop'd, and shrinks her (head
Below the gloomy *Lodgings* of the Dead.
Jove calls the Gods (with him, whose daring (Son,
Too fond of Glory, had this *Mischief* done :)
To view the *dreadful flames* ; then mounts on
(high,
The

72 *Poems on several Occasions*

The loftyest *Turret* that commands the Sky ;
 From whence he us'd to shade the sultry *Air*,
 And with kind *Showers* the Parched *Earth* to
 But throws his *Flood-gates* open now in vain, ^{(cheer :}
 And prest the light *transparent clouds* for *Rain* :
 At which incens'd, his ruddy *Thunder* glows,
 Nor durst the *God* of *beams* himself oppose.
 See the wing'd *Vengeance* now, see where it ^{(breaks,}
 On the rash cause of those lamented *Wrecks* ;
 And sends the bold *Usurper* breathless down
 To the scorch't *Earth* from his *affected Throne* :

So strike the *Gallick Tyrant*, that has hurl'd
 As guilty *flames* through the complaining ^{(VWorld,}
 So awful *Jove*, so Strike him from his *Seat*,
 And all his *Aims*, and all his *Hopes* defeat.

THE
W I S H,
IN A
P O E M
TO THE
ATHENIANS.

W^{ou'd} some kind Vision represent to me
How bright thy Streets, Celestial *Salem*! be,
I'd trace thy shining pearly Faths, and tell
How blest'd are those that in thy Temple dwell:
How much more bright than e're proud Phœbus shed
Are those vast Rays the Eternal Sun does spread!
Cou'd I the chiefeft of ten thousands view,
Wou'd Angels me their Admiration shew,

2 *Poems on several Occasions.*

I'd tell the Virgins, tell 'em o'reagen
 How fair he lookt to the black Sons of men:
 Might I, but ah, while clogg'd with sinful Flesh,
 In vain I breath out the impatient Wish!
 But have a glimpse of those fair Fields of Bliss,
Where dress'd in Beams, the shining Saints do move
More gay then all the fancy'd shades of Love:
 Where still from pure exhaustless fountains, to
 Bright Silver streams the Chrystal Waters flow;
 Where the true Son of Glory ne're declines,
 But with unclouded Vigour always shines.
 Where endless Smiles celestial Faces wear,
 No Eye eclips'd with a rebellious Tear,
 For Greif is an unheard of Stranger there. }
 Say then, if ought of that bless'd place you know,
 Describe its Bliss, its dazzling Glories show!

THE

The Athenians Answer.

AH! Bright *Unknown!* you know not what you ask!
Angels wou'd bend beneath the unequal Task.
 Were that *blest* World disclos'd, 'twou'd seem so fair;
 Who wou'd not leap *Lifes Barriers* to be there?
 Yet see a Glimpse, all, Heav'n permits to see,
 And learn the rest from Faith and Extasie.

The *Paradise of God*, those happy seats which cost
 Far more than that fair *Eden* we have lost;
 Exceeds *luxuriant Fancies* richest dress,
 And *Beggars Rhime* and *Numbers* self t' express.
 — No, were we lost in that primæval Grove
 Where Father *Adam* with his New-born Bride
 Walkt careless, walkt and lov'd, nor Want, nor Sin,
 Nor jealous Rage, nor curst tormenting Hopes
 Their Sacred Verge approaching cou'd we pierce
 As the blind Bard, with intellectual sight
 Thro' those first happy Mortals *Sylvan shade*,

4 Poems on several Occasions.

Thro' clust'ring Vines whose swelling Purple Grapes
 With generous Juice invited the blest'd Pair
 To taste, nor fear to dye; were all the Springs
 That from some easie Mountains mossy side
 Or hoary Rock ran gently murmuring,
 A thousand Flour's upon the bending Banks,
 A thousand Birds upon the fragrant Trees,
 And Eve her self all smiling joyn'd the Quire,
 With blisful Hymns of chaste and holy Love
 Were these and more united to compose
 A Poets Heaven to the true Heaven 'twou'd be
 A Barren Wilderness, nay worse, a World.

Not Reasons self, a Ray of the divine
 Off-spring, and Friend of God, when manacled
 In sinful mortal mold, altho' it trace,
 No Sister Truth thro' each *Dedalean* maze,
 And builds on Sense with well poiz'd Argument,
 Not that can tell us what we there shall see,
 Or have or know, or do, or ever be.
 Nay tho' with nobler Faits more perfect Glass,

Poems on several Occasions. 50

We look beyond the Chrystal starry Worlds,
We know but *part*, sunk in our *dark* selves, —
And from Life's dungeon with the glim'ring Light,
Coasters of Heav'n we *beat* along the *shore*, (more.
Some Creeks and Landmarks found, but know no
The Inland Country's undiscover'd still,
The glorious City of th' eternal King,
Yet of cœlestial Growth we bear away,
Some rich immortal Fruit, Joy, Peace and Love,
Knowledge and Praise, Vision and pure Delight,
Rivers of Bliss, ay-dwelling from the Throne
Of the most high, exhaustless Fund of Light.
There, there is Heav'n, 'tis he who makes it so,
The Soul can hold no more, for God is all,
He only equals its capacious Grasp,
He only o'refills to spaces infinite,
Ah! who can follow?—That shall only those
Who with intrepid *Breasts* the *World* oppose.
Tear out the *glitt'ring Snake*, tho' ne're so close it *twine*,
And part with *mortal Joys* for *Joys Divine*,

6 Poems on several Occasions.

To one that persuades me to leave the Muses.

Forgo the *charming Muses*! No, in spite
 Of your ill-natur'd Prophecy I'll write,
 And for the future *paint* my thoughts at large,
 I waste no paper at the *Hunderds* charge:
 I rob no *Neighbouring Geese* of Quills, nor sink
 For a collection to the Church for ink:
 Besides my *Muse* is the most gentle thing
 That ever yet made an attempt to *sing*:
 I call no *Lady Punk*, nor Gallants *Fops*,
 Nor set the *married world* an edge for *Ropes*;
 Yet I'm so scurvily inclin'd to Rhiming,
 That undesign'd my thoughts *burst out a chiming*;
 My *active Genius* will by no means sleep,
 And let it then its proper channel keep.
 I've told you, and you may believe me too,
 That I must this, or greater mischief do;

And

And let the world think me *inspir'd, or mad,*
 I'll surely write whilst paper's to be had;
 Since Heaven to me has a *Retreat assign'd,*
 That would inspire a less *harmonious* mind.
 All that a Poet loves I have in view, (100,
Delightful Hills, refreshing Shades, and pleasant Valleys
 Fair spreading Valleys cloath'd with lasting green,
 And Sunny Banks with gilded streams between,
Gay as Elisium, in a Lovers Dream,
 Or *Flora's* Mansion, seated by a stream,
 Where free from sullen cares I live at ease,
 Indulge my Muse, and wishes, as I please,
 Exempt from all that looks like want or strife,
I smoothly glide along the Plains of Life,
 Thus Fate conspires, and what can I do to't?
 Besides, I'm *vehemently* in love to boot,
 And that there's not a *Willow Sprig* but knows,
 In whose sad shade I breathe my direful woes.
 But why for these dull Reasons do I pause,
 When I've at hand my genuine *one, because!*

8 Poems on several Occasions.

And that my Muse may take no counter Spell,
 I fairly bid the *Boarding Schools* farewell:
 No *Young Impertinent*, shall here intrude,
 And vex me from this blisful solitude.
 Spite of her heart, *Old Puffs* shall damn no more
 Great *Sedley's* Plays, and never look 'em o're;
 Affront my *Navels*, no, nor in a Rage,
 Force *Drydens* lofty Products from the Stage,
 Whilst all the rest of the *melodious crew*,
 With the *whole System of Athenians* too,
 For Study's sake out of the Window flew. }
 But I to Church, shall fill her Train no more,
 And walk as if I sojourn'd by the hour.

To *Stepwel* and his Kit I bid adieu,
 Fall off, and on, be hang'd and *Cooper* too
 Thy self for me, my *dancing days* are o're;
 I'll act th'inspired *Bachannels* no more.
Eight Notes must for another Treble look,
 In *Burlesque* to make Faces by the book.

Japan, and my esteemed *Pencil* too,
And pretty *Cupid*, in the *Glass* adieu,
And since the dearest friends that be must part,
Old Governess farewell with all my heart.
Now welcome all ye *peaceful Shades* and *Springs*,
And welcome all the *inspiring* tender things;
That please my *genius*, suit my make and years,
Unburden'd yet with all but lovers cares.

A
P O E M

Occasioned by the report of the Queens Death.

When *fame* had blown among the *Western* swains
The *saddest news* that ever reacht their Plains,
Like *Thunder* in my ears the sound did break;
The *killing accents* which I dare not speak.
Less was I toucht with that *pernicious Dart*, (Heart,
That peirc'd through mine to reach my *Daplnes*
From

10 *Poems on several Occasions.*

From off my Head the *Floral wreath* I tore,
 That I, to please the fond *Orestes*, wore;
 And quite o're charg'd with Grief upon the ground,
 I sunk my Brows, with mournful *Cypress* Crown'd;
 My trembling Hand sustain'd my drooping Head,
 And at my feet my *Lire* and *Songs* were laid;
 'Twas in a gloomy *Shade*, where o're and o're
 I'de mourn'd my Lov'd Companions loss before;
 But now I vainly strove my Thoughts t'expose,
 In *Numbers* kind, and sensible as those
 For, ah! the *Potent ills* that fill'd my Breast,
 Were much to vast and black to be exprest

Pharaphrase on John 21. 17.

YEs, thou that knowest all, dost know I love thee,
And that I set no Idol up above thee,
 To thy unerring censure I appael,
 And thou that knowest all things, sure canst tell,
 I Love thee more then *Life* or *Interest*,
 Nor hast thou any *Rival* in my Breast;

I Love

Poems on several Occasions. 111

I Love thee so, that I would calmly bear
The Mocks of Fools, and bless my happy Ear
Let me from thee but one kind whisper hear ;
I Love thee so, that for a smile of thine,
Might this, and all the brighter Worlds be mine,
I would not pause, but with a noble Scorn,
At the unequal slighted offer spurn ;
Yes, I to Fools these trifles can resign,
Nor envy them the World, whilst thou art mine ;
I love thee as my Centre, and can find
No Point but thee to stay my doubtful mind ;
Potent and uncontroul'd its Motions were,
Till fixt in thee its only congruous Sphere.
Urg'd with a thousand *specious Baits*, I stood,
Displeas'd, and sighing for some *distant good*,
To calm its genuine Dictates—but betwixt
Them all, remain'd suspended and unfixt.
I love thee so, 'tis more than Death to be,
My Life, my Love, my all, depriv'd of thee ;

'Tis

121 *Poems on several Occasions.*

'Tis Hell, 'tis Horror, shades and darkness then,
Till thou unveil'st thy Heavenly Face agen;
I Love thee so, I'de kiss the Dart should free
My fluttering Soul, and send her up to thee;
O would'st thou break her Chain, with what
delight

She'd spread her Wings, and bid the world
goodnight.

Scarce for my bright conductors would I stay,
But lead thy flaming Ministers the way,
In their known passage to eternal day.

And yet the Climes of Light would not seem fair,
Unless I met my bright Redeemer there;
Unless I saw my Shining Saviours Face,
And cop't all Heaven in his sweet embrace.

}

A

Paraphrase on Cant. 5. 6. &c.

O H! How his *Pointed Language*, like a Dart,
Sticks to the *softest Fibres* of my Heart,
Quite through my Soul the charming Accents slide,
That from his *Life inspiring Portals* glide;
And whilst I the enchanting sound admire,
My melting Vitals in a Trance expire.
Oh Son of *Venus*, Mourn thy baffled Arts,
For I defy the proudest of thy Darts:
Undazled now, I thy weak Taper View,
And find no fatal influence accrue;
Nor would *fond Child* thy feeble Lamp appear;
Should my bright *Sun* deign to approach more near;
Canst thou his Rival then pretend to prove?
Thou a false Idol, be the God of Love;
Lovely beyond Conception, he is all
Reason, or Fancy amiable call,

14 *Poems on several Occasions.*

All that the most exerted thoughts can reach,

When sublimated to its utmost stretch.

Oh! altogether Charming, why in thee

Do the vain World no Form or Beauty see?

Why do they Idolize a dusty clod,

And yet refuse their Homage to a God?

Why from a *beautious* flowing Fountain turn,

For the Dead Puddle of a narrow Urn?

Oh Carnal Madness! sure we falsely call

So dull a thing as man is, rational;

Alas, my shining Love, what can there be

On Earth so splendid to *out-glisten* thee?

In whom the brightness of a God-head Shines,

With all its lovely and endearing Lines;

Thee with whose sight Mortallity once blest,

Woul! throw off its dark Veil to be possest;

Then altogether Lovely, why in thee

Do the vain World no Form or Beauty see.

A Pindarick, to the Athenian Society.

I.

I'VE toucht *each string*, each muse I have invok't,
Yet still the mighty theam,
Copes my unequal praise ;
Perhaps, the *God of Numbers* is provok't.
I grasp a Subject fit for none but him,
Or *Drydens* sweeter lays ;

Dryden ! A name I ne're could yet rehearse,
But straight my thoughts were all transformed to verse.

II.

And now methinks I rise ;
But still the *lofty Subject* baulks my flight,
And still my muse despairs to do great *Athens* right ;
Yet takes the *Zealous Tribute* which I bring,
The early products of a Female muse ;
Untill the *God*, into my breast shall mightier thoughts
infuse.

When

16 *Poems on several Occasions.*

When I with more Command, and *prouder voice*
shall sing;

But how shall I describe the matchless men?

I'm lost in the *bright labyrinth* agen.

III.

When the *lewd age*, as ignorant as accurst,

Arriv'd in vice and error to the worst,

And like *Astrea* banisht from the stage,

Virtue and Truth were ready *stretcht for flight*;

Their numerous foes,

Scarce one of eithers Champions ventur'd to oppose;

Scarce one *brave mind*, durst openly engage,

To do them right.

Till prompted with a generous rage;

You cop't with all th' abuses of the age;

Unmaskt and *challeng'd* its abhorred crimes,

Nor fear'd to *lash* the darling vices of the times.

IV.

Successfully go on,

T' inform and bless mankind as you've begun,

Till

Poems on several Occasions. 17

Till like your selves they see ;
The frantick world's imagin'd Joys to be,
Unmanly, sensual and effeminate,
Till they with such exalted thoughts possess ;
As you've inspir'd into my willing Breast,
Are charm'd, like me, from the impending fate.

V.

For ah ! *Forgive me Heaven,* I blush to say't,
I with the vulgar world thought *Irreligion great,*
Tho fine my breeding, and my Notions high ;
Tho train'd in the bright tracts of strictest piety,
I like my *splendid tempters* soon grew vain,
And laid my slighted innocence a side ;
Yet oft my nobler thoughts I have bely'd,
And to be ill was *even re.us'd to feign.*

VI.

Untill by you,
With more Heroick sentiments inspir'd,
I turn'd and stood the vigorous torrent too, ?

18 *Poems on several Occasions.*

And at my former *weak retreat* admir'd ;
 So much was I by your *example* fir'd,
 So much the *heavenly form* did win :
 Which to my eyes you'd *painted virtue* in.

VII.

Oh, could my verse ;
 With *equal flights*, to after times rehearse,
 Your *fame* : It should as bright and Deathless be ;
 As that *immortal flame* you've rais'd in me.
 A flame which time :
 And Death it self, wants power to controul,
 Not more sublime,
 Is the *divine composure* of my Soul ;
 A friendship so exalted and immense,
 A *female breast* did ne're before commence.

Para

Poems on several Occasions. 19

Paraphrase on Revel. chap. 1. from v. 13. to v. 18.

L

WHo could, and yet out-live the Amazing sight!
Oh, who could stand the stress of so much
Light!

Amidst the Golden Lamps the Vision stood,
Form'd like a Man, with all the awe and lustre of a
God.

II.

A Kingly Vestre cloath'd him to the ground,
And Radiant Gold his sacred breasts surround ;
But all too thin the Deity to shrow'd ; (Cloud
For heavenly Rays expressly shone through the unable

III.

His head, his awful head was grac'd with hair,
As soft as snow, as melted silver fair ;
And from his eyes such active Glories flow.
The conscious Seraphs well may veil their dimmer
face too.

20 *Poems on several Occasions.*

IV.

His Feet were strong and dreadful, as his Port
Worthy the Godlike Form they did support ;
His Voice resembled the Majestick Fall
Of mighty Waves : 'Twas awful, great, divine, and
solemn all.

V.

His powerful hand a Starry Scepter held,
His mouth a threatening two-edg'd sword did
wield,
His face so wondrous, so divinely fair,
As all the glorious Lights above had been contracted
there.

VI.

And now my fainting spirits strove in vain
The uncorrected splendor to sustain,
Unable longer such bright Rays to meet,
I dy'd beneath the Ponderous Load, at the great
Vision's Feet.

VII. Till

VII.

Till he that doth the springs of Life contain,
 Breath'd back my soul, and bid me live again;
 And thus began (but Oh with such an Air,
 That nothing but a power divine had made me live
 to hear.)

VIII.

From an unviewable Eternity
 I was, I am, and must For ever be:
 I have been dead, but live for ever now.
 Amen—And have in Triumph led the Kings of

(Darkness too,

III.

With a grace full pride the lovely boy
 Told all the Ladies (like a Swan, he
 Only he lookt more absolute and gay.

TO

To a very Young Gentleman at a
Dancing-School.

I.

SO when the Queen of Love rose from the Seas,
Divinely Fair in such a blest amaze,
Th' inamour'd watry Deities did gaze,

II.

As we when charming *Flaminia* did surprize,
More heavenly bright our whole *Seraglio's* Eyes;
And not a Nymph her Wonder could disguise.

III.

Whilst with a graceful Pride the lovely boy
Pass'd all the Ladies (like a *Sultan*, by,
Only he lookt more absolute and coy.

IV.

When with an Haughty air he did advance,
To lead out some transported she to dance,
He gave his hand as carelessly as Chance,

V. Attended

V.

Attended with a Univerfal sigh,
On her each Beauty caſt a Jealous Eye,
And quite fall out with guiltleſs Deſtiny.

To the ſame Gentleman.

A H lay this cruel Artifice aſide,
This barbarous diſtance, and affected Pride;
Or elſe reſign my heart, which is too great
For you in this imperious way to treat.
I know you'r gay and charming as the Spring,
And that I ne'r beheld a lovelier thing,
But know as well the influence of my Eyes,
Nor can you think my heart a vulgar prize.

PASTORAL.

Daphne.

WHY sigh you so, What Griefvance can annoy,
 A Nymph like you? Alas, why sighs my Joy?
 My *Philomela*, why dost bend thy Head,
 Haft lost thy Pipe, or is thy Garland dead?
 Thy flocks are fruitful, flowry all thy Plain;
 Thy Father's Darling, why should'st thou complain?

Philomela.

Unfriendly thus, when I expect Relief;
 To mock the weightier causes of my grief.

Daphne.

Thou dost abuse my Love: How should I guess
 The unknown Reason of thy Tears, unless

Thy

Thy Birds are fled, or else the Winds have blown;
This stormy Night, your tallest Cypress down?
Thy Shepherd's true, or I had nam'd him first.

Philomela.

Ah! were he so, I would condemn the rest.

Daphne.

Why dost thou fear it? Not a truer Swain
E'er drove his Sheep to this frequented Plain.

Philomela.

Like thee in Ignorance, how blest were I?

But Nymph, a falser thing did never sigh:
Curse on his Charms; accurst the unlucky day,
He sought by chance his wandred flocks this way;
When gay and careless, leaning on my Crook,
My roving Eyes this fatal Captive took,
Well I remember yet with what a grace
The Youthful Conquerer made his first address;
How moving, how resistless were his sighs;
How soft his Tongue, *how very soft his Eyes.*

When

26 *Poems on several Occasions.*

When spight of all my Natural Disdain,
 I fell a Victim to the smiling Swain!
 Ah, how much blest, how happy had I been,
 Had I his lovely killing Eyes ne're seen!
 In these delightful Pastures long I kept
 My harmless flocks, and as much pleasure reapt,
 In being all I hop'd to be, as they,
 Whose awful Nods subjected Nations sway.
 The Shepherds made it all their care to gain
 My heart, which knew no passion but disdain,
 Till this Young Swain, the Pride of all our Grove,
 Into my soul infus'd the bane of Love.

TO
CELINDA.

I Can't, *Celinda*, say, I love,
But rather I adore,
When with transported eyes I view,
Your *shining* merits o're.

II.

A fame so spotless and serene,
A virtue so refin'd;
And thoughts as great, as e're was yet
Graspt by a female mind.

III.

There love and honour dress'd, in all,
Their *gentle charms* appear,
And with a pleasing force at once
They conquer and indear.

IV. *Celp.*

IV.

*Celestial flames are scarce more bright,
 Than those your worth inspires,
 So Angels love and so they burn
 In just such holy fires.*

V.

Then let's my dear *Celinda* thus
 Blest in our selves contemn
 The treacherous and deluding Arts,
 Of those *base things call'd men.*

Thoughts on Death.

I'm almost to the *fatal period* come,
 My forward Glafs has well nigh run its last ;
 E're a *few moments*, I shall hear that doom
 Which ne're will be recall'd, when once 'tis past.

II.

Methinks I have *Eternity in view*,
And dread to reach the edges of the shore,
Nor doth the *prospect*, the less dismal shew,
For all the *thousands* that have lanch'd before.

III.

Why weep my friends, what is their loss to mine,
I have but one *poor doubtful* stake to throw,
And with a *dying prayer* my hopes resign,
If that be lost, I'm lost for ever too.

IV.

'Tis not the painful agonies of Death,
Nor all the *gloomy horrors* of the Grave;
Were that the worst, unmov'd I'de yield my breath
And with a *smile* the King of Terrors brave.

V.

But there's an *after day*, 'tis that I fear:
Oh, who shall hide me from that angry brow;
Already I the dreadful *accents* hear,
Depart from me, and that for ever too.

THE

THE
Female Passion,

I.
A Thousand great resolves, as great
As reason could inspire,
I have commenc'd ; but ah how soon
The daring thoughts expire !

II.
Honour and Pride I've often rous'd,
And bid 'em bravely stand,
But e're my charming foe appears
They cowardly disband.

III.
One dart from his *insulting eyes*,
Eyes I'm undone to meet,
Throws all my boasting faculties
At the lov'd Tyrant's feet.

IV. In

IV.

In vain alas, 'tis all in vain,
To struggle with my fate,
I'm sure I ne're shall cease to love,
How much less can I hate !

V.

Against relentless destiny,
Hopeless to overcome,
Not *Sisyphus* more sadly strives
With his Eternal Doom.

TO

STREPHON.

TO me his sighs, to me are all his vows,
But there's my hell the depth of all my woes,
We burn alike, but oh the distant bliss,
A view of that my greatest torment is ;

Accurst

32 *Poems on several Occasions.*

Accurst ambition, groveling interest,
Such heated crimes as yet did never rest
Within my Soul, must now unjustly keep
Me from my Heaven would they may sink as deep,
As that black *Chaos* whence they sprung, and leave
Those mortals wretched which they now deceive.

Paraphrase on Malachy 3. 14.

IN vain ye Murmur, we have serv'd the Lord,
As vainly listned to his flattering word,
He has forgot, or spake not as he meant ;
Else why are wethus Idly penitent ?
Ye call the haughty blest, erecting those
That dare my Judgements impiously oppose,
And own, nay, almost boast themselves my foes,
Whose crimes would (were I not a God) command
The scarlet bolts from my unwilling hand ;
Then they that fear'd my great and awful name,
The only few that dar'd oppose the stream,

Unmov'd

Unmov'd against the vulgar torrent stood,
 In spite of numbers resolutely good,
 Not taxing with undecent insolence
The dark Enigma's of my providence.
 But saw me still illustrious through the same,
 And lov'd and spake, *spake often of my name;*
 As oft I closely listned, nor shall they
 Pass unrewarded at the last great day,
 When all their pious services I'll own,
 For in my records I shall find 'em down,
 Their brows I'll Crown with wreaths of victory;
 Whilst Men and Angels stand spectators by;
 A loud I'll then, aloud proclaim them mine,
 And 'mongst my brightest treasures they shall shine.
 Their frailty with more tenderness, than e're
 A father did his only son's I'll spare,
 And then, but ah! too late you'll find it then,
Who were the wise, the only thinking men;
 Then you shall nothing but derision meet,
 If Angels them with loud applauses greet.

Whil.

C c

O N

On Mrs. Rebecka.

I.

SO brightly Sweet *Florina's* eyes,
 Their rising beams display,
 That as the scorched *Indians*, we
 Even dread the coming day.

II.

For if her *morning rays* with such
 Unusual vigour streams,
 How must the unhappy world be scorcht,
 With her *meridian beams*?

III.

If now she *Innocently* kills
 With an *un-aiming* dart,
 Who shall resist her when, with skill,
 She levels at a heart?

IV. If

IV.

If with each smile the pretty Nymph,
Now captivates the sence,
What when her glories at the height
Will be their influence ?

By Dispair.

W^Hen the intruding horrors of the night,
Had just depriv'd our hemisphere of light ;
And fable foldings seem'd to imitate,
The blackness and confusion of my fate,
As by a Rivers side I walkt along,
Uncurl'd and loose my artless tresses hung.
Dispair and love were seated in my face,
And down I sunk, upon the bending grass,
There to the streams, my mournful griefs relate,
Curfing the spightful Stars that rul'd my fate ;

36 *Poems on several Occasions.*

To see my tears the gentle floods swell high,
 The Rocks relent, and groan as oft as I,
 The winds less deaf, than my ungreatful Swain,
 Listen and breath o're all my sighs again,
 Ah, never, never, said I with an Air;
 That poor complacent eccho, griev'd to hear,
 And softly fearing to increase my pain,
 No, never, never, she reply'd again,
 Then all things else, as trifles I dispise,
 Said I, and smiling clos'd my wretched eyes.

TO
ORESTES.

TO vex thy Soul with these unjust alarms,
Fye dear mistrustful, can'st thou doubt thy
charms;

Or think a breast so young and soft as mine,
Could e're resist such charming eyes as thine?
Not love thee! witness all ye powers above,
(That know my heart) to what excess I love,
How many tender sighs for thee I've spent,
I who ne're knew what serious passion meant.
Till to revenge his slighted Votaries,
The God of love, coucht in thy beauteous eyes,

38 *Poems on several Occasions.*

At once inspir'd and fixt my roving heart,
Which till that moment scorn'd his proudest dart,
And now I languish out my life for thee,
As others unregarded do for me ;
Silent as night, and pensive as a dove,
Through shades more gloomy than my thoughts I
rove,
With downcast eyes as languishing an Air,
The Emblem I of Love, and of Dispair,

THE

*The Athenians Answer, to the Foregoing
Poem.*

What Charms to two such Feuds wou'd equal
prove?

You are possess'd with Poetry and Love.

Fruitless experiments no more wee'll try;

Lost to advice, Rime on, Love on, and dye!

Paraphrase on Canticles, 7. 11.

I

Come thou most *charming* object of my love,
What's all this *dull Society* to us,
Let's to the peaceful *Shades* and *Springs* remove,
I'm here uneasy tho I linger thus.

II.

What are the *trifles* that I leave behind,
I've more then all the *valu'd world* in thee,
Where all my Joys and Wishes are confin'd,
Thou'rt Day and Life and Heaven it self to me.

III.

Come my beloved then let us away,
To those *blest Seats* where we'll our flames improve,
With how much heat shall I carress thee there,
And in *sweet transports* give up all my love.

Paraphrase on Micha. 6. 6, 7.

I.

W Herewith shall I approach this awful Lord,
What shall I bring,
What sacrifice
Will not so great a deity despise ;
Tell me you lofty spirits that fall down,
The nearest to his throne,
Oh tell me how,
Or wherewithal shall I before my own, and your
dread maker bow.
Will Carmels verdant top afford,
No equal offering,
Ten thousand rams, a bounteous offering 'tis,
When all the flocks upon a thousand spacious hills are his
Will streams of fragrant oil his wrath controul ;
Or

42 *Poems on several Occasions.*

Or the more precious flood,
Of my first born's blood,
Compound for all my debts and make a full Attone-
ment for my Soul.

II.


If not *great God* what then dost thou require,
Or what wilt thou daign to accept from me,
All, that my own thou giv'st me leave to call,
I willingly again resign to thee.

My youth and all its blooming heat,
My muse and every raptur'd thought, to thee I dedicate,
(Tis fit the islues of that *sacred fire*,
Should to its own celestial orb retire)
And all my *darling vanities*,
For thee I'll sacrifice,
My *favourite lust* and all,
Among the rest promiscuously shall fall ;
No more that *fond beloved sin* I'll spare,
Than the great Patriarck would have *done his heir*,
And this great God altho a worthless prize,
Is a sincere, intire, and early sacrifice.

THE

The Reflection.

WHere gilde my thoughts, *rash inclinations stay,*
And let me think what 'tis you fool away,
Stay ere it be to late, yet stay and take,
A short review of the great prize at stake.
Oh! stupid folly 'tis eternal Joy,
That I'm about to barter for a toy ;
It is my God oh dreadful hazard where,
Shall I again the boundless loss repair !
It is my Soul a Soul that cost the blood,
And painful agonies of an humbled God,
Oh blest occasion made me *stay to think,*
Ere I was hurri'd off the dangerous brink,
Should I have took the charming venom in,
And cop'd with all *these terrors for a sin,*
How equal had my condemnation been ?



A Song.

A
S O N G.

H*E's* gone the bright way that his honour
directs him,
Oh all ye *kind powers* let me beg you protect
him.

He's gone my Dear — and left me here mourning;
But hang these dull thoughts, I'll fancy him return-
ing.

Returning, I'll think the great *Hero* Victorious,
With joy to my Arms as faithful as Glorious.
Against his bright Eyes, I am sure there's no standing;
He looks like a God, and moves as Commanding.
With a Face so Angelick the Foe will be charmed
The Conquest were his tho he met 'em disarm'd.

They

Poems on several Occasions. 45

They could not (*be sure*) of a rational nature,
That wou'd not relent at so moving a feature.
Venus disguis'd he'el be thought by his Beauty ;
And spar'd from the sense of a *generous Duty*.
Yet when I reflect on the Wounded and Dying,
In spite of my Courage it sets me a sighing.
But the *resolute brave* no danger can stay him,
Tho' I us'd all my Charms and Arts to delay him.
Yet oh ye kind powers you are bound to protect him,
Since he's gone the bright way that *Glory* directs him.

II

III

46 *Poems on several Occasions.*

To Madam S— at the Court.

Come prettice leave the Courts
And range the Fields with me;
A thousand pretty Rural sports
Ple here invent for thee.

II.

Involv'd in *blissful innocence*
Wee'l spend the shining day,
Untoucht with that mean influence
The duller world obey.

III.

About the flowry Plains wee'l rove,
As gay and unconfin'd:
As are inspir'd by thee and love
The sales of my mind.

IV. Now

IV.

Now seated by a lovely Stream,
Where beauteous Mermaids haunt;
My Song while *William* is my Theam,
Shall them and thee enchant.

V.

Then in some gentle soft retreat;
Secure as Venus Groves,
We'll all the charming things repeat,
That introduc'd our loves.

VI.

Ple pluck fresh Garlands for thy brows,
Sweet as a Zephirs breath.
As fair and well design'd as those
The Elisyum Lovers wreath.

VII.

And like those happy Lovers we,
As careless and as blest;
Shall in each others converse be
Of the whole world possest.

VIII. Then

VIII.

Then prethee *Phyllis* leave the Courts,
And range the Fields with me ;
Since I so many harmless sports
Can here procure for thee.

THE

The Vision. To Theron.

NOW gentle sleep my willing Eyes had
(clos'd,
And this gay Scene the smiling God
impos'd;
Methought I in a Mirtle shade was plac'd,
My Tresses curl'd, my Brows with Laurel
(grac'd
Fresh was the Air, serenely bright the Day,
And all around lookt ravishingly Gay,
Active my Thoughts, my Lyre was in my
(hand,
And once more *Theron* did my Voice command;
Once more the charming *Hero* did inspire
My daring Muse with an Heroick Fire;
The smiling *Cypids* softly flutter'd round,
Till animated with the generous sound,
Like fighting Gods, each shook his Dart and
(frown'd.

D d

The

50 *Poems on several Occasions.*

The listning streams enchanted with my Song,
 Scarce drove their still preceeding waves along;
 Whil'st o're and o're complaisant eccho bears,
 Through every cavern the immortal Airs;
 About my Lips th' impatient Zephirs hung,
 To snatch the tuneful Numbers from my
 (Tongue;
 And the pleas'd Graces crowded round to
 (hear their Darling Sung.
 The Queen of Beauty, and her Doves, stood by,
 When I, to please the Lovely Deity,
 Told her, what Looks, what Eyes, and Smiles
 (he had,
 Not her own Charms more fatally betray'd:
 At every strain the wounded Goddess sighs,
 Strains, sweet and powerful, as her own fair
 (Eyes.
 Then, smiling, towards her own bright Orb she
 (flew,
 And, with her, all the Sanguine Visions drew.

A Pastoral Elegy.

Philomela.

SO, gentle Destinies, decide the strife;
Ah! spare but hers, and take my hated
(Life.

Daphne.

Cease, cease, dear Nymph, the Fates ordain
(not so.

Philomela.

The more ungentle they; But wilt thou go?

Daphne.

I must; and wish my *Epilogue* were done,
That from this tiresome stage I may be gone.

Philomela.

Ah me! ah me! this breaks my feeble heart:
But find'st thou no Reluctancy to part?

D d 2

Daphne.

52 *Poems on several Occasions*

Daphne.

Without the least Reluctance, all below,
Save thee, dear Nymph, I willingly forego :
My Swain, my Mates, my Flocks and Garland }
(too.

In those blest shades, to which my soul must
(flee,
More beauteous Nymphs, and kinder Shep-
(herds be ;

Who ne're reflect on what they left behind,
Rapt with the Joys they in *Elysium* find.
By Silver streams, through blissful shades they
(rove,

Their Pleasures to Eternity improve.
There all the Smiling Year is cloth'd with
(Green ;
No Autumn, but Eternal Spring is seen.

There

Poems on several Occasions. 53

There the wing'd Choir in Loud and Artful
(strains

Transmit their Eccho's to the happy Plains:

And thither *Strephon* will my Soul pursue,

When he, like me, has bid the World adieu.

There, if her Innocence she still retain,

My *Philomela* I shall claspe again ;

And there, when Death shall stop his Noble

(Race,

With a more Godlike and Heroick Grace,

Thou shalt behold the matchless *Theron's*

(Face.

But now farewell, my latest Sands are run,

And *Charon* waits impatient to be gone.

Farewel, poor Earth ; from thy unhappy shore

None ever launch'd more joyfully before.

Not Death's Grim Looks affright me, tho so

(near;

Alas ! why should the Brave and Vertuous fear:

54 *Poems on several Occasions.*

Philomela.

She's gone, she's gone, my dear Companion's
(gone,

And left me in this desert World alone;
Unforc't, her Beauteous Soul has took its flight,
Serene, and Glittering to Eternal Light.

More blind than Love, or Chance, relentless
(Death,

Why didst thou stop my charming *Daphnes*
(Breath?

The best, the brav'st, and faithful Friend alive;
Fate-cut my Thread, I'll not the loss survive.

Alas! Why rises the unwelcome Sun?

'There's nothing worth our fight now *Daphne's*
(gone.

Go smile on some blest Clime, where thou'lt not
(see
A loss so vast, nor Wretch so curst as me;

Whom

Poems on several Occasions. 55

Whom Grief hath wrapt in so condens'd a
(shade,
As thy intruding beams shall ne're invade:
For, What avails thy Light now *Daphne's*
(gone,
And left me Weeping on the Shore alone?

Yet could the *Gentle Fair* but see me mourn,
From that Blest Place she would perhaps re-
(turn.
But vain, alas! are my Complaints; she's
(gone,
And left me in this desert World alone.

For ah! depriv'd my dearer Life of thee,
The World is all a Hermitage to me:
No more together we shall sit or walk,
No more of *Pan*, or of *Elysium* talk:
No more, no more shall I the fleeting Day
In kind Endearments softly pass away:

56 *Poems on several Occasions.*

No more the Noblest height of Friendship

(prove,

Now *Daphne's* gone; I know not who to

(Love.

Mourn all ye Groves and Streams, mourn every

(thing;

You'll hear no more the pretty *Siren* Sing.

Tune, Shepherds, tune your Pipes to Mournful

(strains;

For we have lost the Glory of our Plains.

Let every thing a sadder Look put on;

For *Daphne's* dead, for the Lov'd Nymph is

(gone.

Partbenia,

Partbenea, an ELEGY.

With Singing Angels hence she posts a-
(way,

As Lovely now and excellent as they :

For one short Moment Death's Grim Looks she
(bore,

But ne'r shall see his Gashly Visage more.

Relcast from her dull Fetters ; as the Light,

Active, and Pure, Parthenia takes her flight ;

And finds, at last, the awfull Secrecy,

How Spirits act, and what they do, and be.

But now she's swallow'd in a flood of Light,

And scarce indures the Splendour of the Sight :

Dear Shade, whom Heaven did so soon remove

From these Cold Regions to the Land of Love ;

58 *Poems on several Occasions.*

To endless *Pleasures*, and Eternal day;
 How *glittering* now? How *satisfy'd* and *gay*
 Art thou? methinks I do but *half lament*
 The *Lovely Saint* from my *Embraces* rent:
 Nor can to those fair *Mansions* cast my eyes,
 To which she's *fly'd*, and not recall my *sighs*.
 My *grief* for her were as *unjust*, as *vain*,
 If from that *Bliss* 'twould hurry her again:
 For tho' the *Charming'st Friend* on Earth I've
 Yet she the while may the *advantage* boast: (lost,
 And should her pure *unfetter'd Soul* but daign
 A *careless glance* on these *dark coasts* again,
 'Twould *Smile*, as *Conscious*, where she left }
 And smile agen at the surprizing odds (her Chain;
 Of her late *dwelling*, and those *bright abodes*;
 Those *bright abodes* where now, securely blest,
 She Sings the *Anthems* of *Eternal rest*.

The Reply to Mr. —

N O: I'm unmov'd: nor can thy charm-
(ing Muse
One tender Thought into my Breast In-
(fuse.

I am from all those sensual motions Free;
And you, in vain, speak pretty things to Me:
For through the Splendid Gallantrys of Love,
Untouch'd, and careless, now I wildly rove,
From all th' Attacques of those proud Darts se-
(cure,
Whose Trifling Force too Tamely you indure;
Nor ought, on Earth's, so delicate to move
My Nicer Spirit, and exact my Love:
Even Theron's Lovely and Inticeing Eyes,
Tho' arm'd with flames, I can at last despise;
With all the Genuine charms and Courtly Arts,
By which your Treacherous Sex invade our
(Hearts:
No

60 *Poems on several Occasions.*

No more those little Things contract my *breast*
By a Diviner Excellence possess;
And, should I yield agen, it dear must cost
My *Victor* e're he shall the Conquest Boast;
For the Mad Venome's quite expell'd my
And calmer *Reason* now Triumphant Reigns: (Veins,

No more the *dearest object* of my sight
Can move a *Soft Sensation* of Delight;
Or force my lingring Blood a swifter pace,
Or Paint new *Smiles* and *Blushes* on my Face.
I've rent the *Charming Idol* from my heart,
And banisht all from thence that took his part.
No more the *Smiling Beaux* shall tempt me on
To *Gate*, and *Sigh*, and think my self undone;
Whilst *Love*, like some *Fierce Torrent*, uncon-
Breaks in, o'r-spreads, and swallows up my
A d with its black ungrateful streams controul (Mind;
All the *Diviner Rays* within my Soul.

No,

Poems on several Occasions. 61

No, No : I will, I will no more admire,
And urge the Sparks of the now dormant Fire:
Nor for a wild Fantaſtick Extacy,
Change the Dear Joys of this bleſt Liberty;
Free, as a wandring Zephyr, through the Air,
Methinks I range, and hate my former Sphear.
I meet the Nobleſt Forms, yet ſcorn to pay
A Fond Devotion to well-moulded Clay :
Nor would I even for my late ſplendid Chain
Forgo this Charming Liberty again ;
Which with ſo ſweet a Calmneſs fill my Breaſt
As cannot be in Words, no net in thine Ex-
(preſt.

Pastoral on the QUEEN.

(*Phyllis.*)
Why (*Philomela*) sleep those chearful
 With which so much you gratify'd
 (*the Plains ?*)
 When every murmuring stream and pretty spring
 Of some soft Tale would stop to hear thee Sing
 In Notes, that all the Nymphs and Shepherds
 (*mov'd ;*)
 And Theron too, had he been by, had Lov'd.
 But ah ! unwellcome Alteration, now
 No pleasant Smile, or Wreath, adorns thy Brow :
 About the Plains thy Flocks neglected, stray ;
 And thou, as careless and forlorn as they :
 In hollow Rocks, and Cypress Shades , alone,
 Dost Teach the Mournful Dove a sadder Mone :
 For, all I heard from thee, when listning by,
 Were broken Notes, of some sad Elegy :

Büt

Poems on several Occasions. 63

But such a great and unaffected Air
Thy Solitary Lamentations were,
I find, no selfish Grief, or Interest

Cou'd draw those Generous Murmurs from thy
(Breast.

'Tis sure, the Publick Loss thou dost condole ;

'Tis that which yet lies pressing on thy Souls

(Philomela.)

'Tis that indeed, our common loss and care,

Which, in my Breast, claims this unwelcome share ;

Too sadly claims it : Oh ! the Queen, the Queen

Has left the World : but Heaven ! How black

Her Exit makes it ?--- Oh Illustrious Saint !

(By Death , from our most warm Careless

Could I but speak thy Worth : But that's a

(Theme

Too mighty for my boldest Thoughts to Stem :

Ev'n my own Grief, I have no words to Paint,

Nor find my Love an Elegant Complaint.

My

64 *Poems on several Occasions*

My *Lyre* it self no more can give me ease,
(Nor the strong *Tumults* of my *Soul* appease;
No more can give my swelling *Breast* relief,)
Then *Fate* reverse the Subject of my *Grief*:
'Tis all in vain-----

Alas! the Royal *Shepherdes* is gone;
And, with her, the Whole Sex's *Glory* flown.

Oh! Could not all those *Heavenly Virtues*

(Save
Divine *Maria* from th' *Insatiate Grave*?

Nor her's, and our Dear *Hero's* Moving *Tears*?

Nor all the poor Lamenting Nations *Fears*?

No, no; they could not-----She resigns Her

(*Breath*;
The Charming *QUEEN* a *Trophy* falls to
Death.

A

Farewel to LOVE.

W^HEN, since in spite of all that Love can
(do,

The dangerous steps of Honour
(thoult pursue,

I'll just grow Wise and Philosophick too :

I'll bid these tender silly things Farewel ;

And Love, with thy great Antidote, expel :

I'll tread the same Ambitious Paths with thee,

And Glory too shall be my Deity.

And now I'll once release my Train of Fools,

In *Sheer* good Nature to the Loving Souls ;

For Pity's-sake at last I'll set at rights

The vain conceits of the presumptuous Wights :

E •

For

66 *Poems on several Occasions.*

For tho' I shake off *Therons* Chains, yet he
Is all that e'er deserv'd a Smile from me.
But he's unjust, and false; and I a part
Would not accept, tho' of a *MONARCH*
(heart.

And therefore flattering hopes, and wishes too,
With all Loves soft Concomitants, adieu:
No more to its Imperious Yoke I'll bow;
Pride and Resentment fortify me now.

My Inclinations are revers'd; nor can
I but abhor the Slavery of Man,
How e'er the *empty Lords of Nature* boast
O're me, their Fond Prerogative is lost:
For, Uncontroul'd, I thus resolve to rove,
And hear no more of *Hymen*, or of *Love*:
No more such Wild Fantastick things shall
(Charm;

My Breast; nor these Serener Thoughts Alarm.

Poems on several Occasions. 67

No more for Farce ; I'll make a Lover Creep,
And look as Scurvy as if he had bit a Sheep.
Nor with Dissembled Smiles indulge the Fops,
In pure Revenge to their Audacious hopes ;
Tho' at my Feet a thousand Victims lay,
I'd proudly spurn the Whining Slaves away.
Deaf, as the Winds, or *Theron*, would I prove,
And hear no more of Hymen, or of Love.
Like bright *Diana* now I'll range the Woods,
And haunt the silent Shades and silver Floods.
I'll find out the Remotest Paths I can,
To shun th' Offensive, Hated Face of Man.
Where I'll Indulge my Liberty and Bliss,
And no *Endimion* shall obtain a Kiss.
Now, *Capit*, Mourn ; the enlargement of my
(fate
Thou'st lost a Politician in thy State :
I could have taught thee, hadst thou lost thy
Arms
To fool the World with more delusive *CHARMS* ;

68 Poems on several Occasions

I could have made thy Taper burn more
(bright,

And wing thy Shafts with an unerring flight :

'Twas I directed that successful dart,

That found its way to the Great——'s heart :

'Twas I that made the lovely Fl——n bow,

A proud contemner of thy Laws, till now ;

I sung thy Power, and Inspir'd the Swains,

Or thou hadst been no Deity on the Plains,

Yet think no more my freedom to surprize,

VWhich nothing can controul but *Theron's eyes* ;

And every flattering Smile, and every Grace,

VWith all the Air of that Bewitching Face,

My Pride and Resolutions may deface :

For from those eyes for ever I'll remove,

To shun the Sight of what I would not love :

And then, tho every *Cyclop* stretcht his Art,

To form the little angry God a dart,

I'll yet defy his rage to touch my Heart :

Poems on several Occasions. 69

For tho my years compel me to disdain,
Of the false Charmer meanly to complain ;
'Tis yet some satisfaction to my Mind,
I for his sake abandon all Mankind.
My Prouder Muse, to love no more a slave,
Shall Sing the Gust, the Fortunate and Brave,
And twine her *Promis'd Wreaths* for *Theron's*
The *Hero*, not the faithless *Lover* now. (*Brow,*
More Blooming Glories mayst thou still ac-
quire, (*quire,*
And urge my Breast with a more active fire.
May New Successes wait upon thy Sword,
And deathless Honour all thy Acts record.
May all thou dost thy Character compleat ;
And, like thy self, be loyal still and great :
Whilst in an equal Orb as free I move,
And think no more of *Hymen*, or of *Love*.

F I N I S.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THe Young Lady, who is the *Author* of this *BOOK*, Living at a *Great Distance* from *London*, 'twas impossible She shou'd see the *Sheets* as they came from the *PRESS*; and is therefore no ways *Accountable* for the *Printer's Errata's*.

BOOKS lately Printed for John
Dunton.

POEMS on several Occasions, Written by
Philomela.

*The first and second Volumes of the French
Book of Martyrs, published in English
with Her Majesties Royal Priviledge, pri. 20 s.*

*The Tigurine Liturgy, publish'd with the Ap-
probation of six Reverend Bishops.*

*Dr. Burtbogg's Essay upon Reason, and the
Nature of Spirits; dedicated to Mr. Lock. p. 2s. 6d.*

*The Works of the Right Honourable Henry
late Lord Delamere, and Earl of Warrington, con-
taining his Lordships Advice to his Children, se-
veral Speeches in Parliament, &c. with many
other Occasional Discourses on the Affairs of the
two last Reigns, being Original Manuscripts writ-
ten with his Lordships own hand, never before
Printed. Price bound 5 s.*

*Malbranch's Search after Truth, compleat, in
2 Vol. 8^{vo}— To the 2d part of this Work is added
the Author's defence against the Accusations of
Monsieur de la Ville also the Life of F. Mal-
branch, of the Oratory at Paris; with an Account
of his Works, and several particulars of his con-
troversie with Monsieur Arnaud, Dr. of Sorbon,
and Monsieur Regis, Professor in Philosophy at
Paris. Written by Monsieur Le Vassor, lately
come over from Paris; both Volumes done out of
French, from the last Edition, by Mr. Sauls, Au-
thor*

Books lately printed for John Dunton.
ther of the New Treatise of *Algebra*; both *Volumes* 10 s.

Bp. Barlow's *Genuine Remains*, containing near 100 distinct Subjects, Theological, Philosophical, Historical, &c. Publish'd from his Lordship's Original Papers, by Sir Peter Pet, Kt. Advocate General for the Kingdom of *Ireland*. Price bound 6 s.

Dr. Becker's *Examination* of the common Opinions concerning Spirits, Apparitions, their Nature, Powers, Administration and Operations; as also the Effects Men are able to produce by their Communication.

Casuistical Morning-Exercises, the 4th Volume; by several Reverend Divines in and about *London*, price bound 6 s.

The Life of the Reverend Mr. *Thomas Brand*, written by Dr. *Annesly*, price 1 s.

Heads of Agreement assented to by the United Ministers, price 4 d.

The Countries Concurrence with the *London* United Ministers, by Mr. *Chandler*, price 1 s.

A Narrative of the Extraordinary Penitence of Robert Maynard; Together with the several Conferences held with him in *Newgate*; As also a Copy of the Papers which he left to be Published after his Death—By *Joseph Stevens* Lecturer of *Cripplegate*.

An Essay upon the Works of Creation and Providence; being an Introductory Discourse to the [*History of Remarkable Providences*] now preparing for the Press. To which is added a SCHEME of the said Undertaking, ---as also a further

Books lately printed for John Dunton.

further SPECIMEN of the Work it self, in which is inserted the *Penitential Letter*, written by Sir DUNCUMB COLCHESTER (late of *Westbury in Gloucestershire*) with other Remarkable Instances of that Nature. Price bound 2 s.

The General History of the Quakers, both Men and Women, from the first Rise of that Sect, down to this present time. Collected from Manuscripts, &c. A Work never attempted before in *English*, being Written Originally in *Latin*, by the Learned *Crossius*, price bound 5 s.

The History of all Religions in the World, from the Creation down to this present time, in Two Parts: the first containing their *Theory*, and the other relating their *Practices*, both written by *W. Turner*, M. A. and Vicar of *Walberton* in *Sussex*.

A COLLECTION of the *Funeral Orations* pronounc'd by publick Authority in *Holland*, upon the Death of the most serene and potent Princess *Mary II. Queen of Great Britain*, &c. By *Dr. James Perizonius*, Professor of Eloquence, History, and the *Greek Tongue* in *Leyden*, *Dr. George Grevius*, Professor of Theology in *Utrecht*; and several other Learned Men--- wherein is given a very particular Account of the QUEEN's LIFE, during her Residence in *HOLLAND*, &c. Done into *English* from the *Latin Original*.

Some Remarkable Passages in the Life and Death of her late Majesty, not hitherto made publick, as they were delivered in a Funeral Oration, pronounc'd by publick Authority, in the Hall of the
most

Books lately printed for John Dunton.

most Illustrious States, upon the day of the Royal Obsequies, March 5. 1695. by Francis Spanheimius, F. F. Chief Professor of the Academy of Leyden. Done into English from the Latin Original; and Printed in 4to, to bind up with the forementioned Orations.

A Sermon upon the Death of the Queen of England, Preached in the Walloon-Church at the Hague, Feb. 6. 1695. Upon these Words, Acts 9. v. 36, 37. There was at Joppa a certain Disciple whose name was Tabitha, which signifies Dorcas, who was full of Good Works and the Alms-deeds which she did. It happen'd in those days that she fell sick and dy'd. By Isaac Claude, Minister of the Walloon-Church. Done into English from the Second Edition Printed in French.

Lachrymæ Sacerdotis. A Pindarick Poem occasion'd by the Death of that most Excellent Princess, our late Gracious Sovereign Lady, Mary II. of Glorious Memory. By Henry Park, Curate of Ventworth in Yorkshire.

The Tragedies of sin contemplated in the Fall of Man, the Ruin of the Angels, the destruction of the Old World, the Confusion of Babel, and Conflagration of Sodom, by Stephen Jay, Rector of Chinner in Oxfordshire. Price 2s. 6d.

A Practical Discourse on 1 Thes. 4. 7. by John Brandon, Rector of Finchamsted.

A Treatise of Fornication, by William Barlow, Rector of Chalgrave.

The frailty and uncertainty of the Life of Man, delivered in a Sermon at the Funeral of a Person that died suddenly, by the Reverend Mr. W. Busb.

Books lately printed for John Dunton.

A Practical Discourse upon Col. 3. 5. by R. Carr,
Vicar of Sutton.

Dr. Singleton's Practical Discourses upon
1 *John 12. 28.*

Practical Discourses on Sickness and Recovery,
in several Sermons, as they were lately
Preached in a Congregation in London, by T. Rogers,
M. A. after his Recovery from a sickness
of near Two Years continuance.

Early Religion, or a discourse of the duty and
Interest of Youth. The 2^d Edition, price 1 s.

Fall not out by the way; or a perswasion to a
Friendly Correspondence between the Conformists
and Nonconformists, in a Funeral Discourse
on Gen. 45. 24. occasioned by the desire
of Mr. Anthony Dunwell, in his last Will. All
three written by T. Rogers, M. A. price 1 s.

The Mourner's Companion, or Funeral Discourses
on several Texts, by John Shower, price
1 s. 6 d.

Mr. Boyse's Answer to Bp. King.

The Vanity and Impiety of Judicial Astrology.
Price 3 d.

Mensalia Sacra, or Meditations on the Lord's
Supper, both Written by the Reverend M. F.
Crow, M. A. late Minister at Clare in Suffolk.
Price 1 s.

A Practical Discourse on the late Earthquakes,
by a Reverend Divine. Price 6 d.

Tri-unity, or the Doctrine of the Holy Trinity
asserted in a Discourse on 2 Cor. 13. 14. by
Isaac Mauduit, Minister of the Gospel, price 6 d.

An Earnest Call to Family Catechising and Re-
formation.

Books lately printed for John Dunton.

formation, by a Reverend Divine. Price 6 d. or 50 for 20 s.

Comfort for Parents mourning over their Hopeful Children that die young, by T. Whitaker, Minister at Leeds in Yorkshire.

The 3d Edition of the Life and Death of the Reverend Mr. *John Elliot*, who was the first Preacher of the Gospel to the *Indians* in *America*, with an Account of the wonderful success which the Gospel has had amongst the Heathens in that part of the World. Written by *Cotton Mather*, price 1 s.

Gospel Truth stated and vindicated, the Second Edition, price 1 s.

A Defence of Gospel Truth, price 6 d.

Man made Righteous by Christ's Obedience, being two Sermons at *Pinner's-Hall*, with Enlargements.

The Vanity of Childhood and Youth, all four written by *D. Williams*.

The Young Man's Claim to the Sacrament, by *J. Quick*. Price 6 d.

Mr. Bakers Flores Intellectuales. In two parts.

Some Remarkable Passages in the Life and Death of Mr. *John Mason*, late Minister of *Water-Stratford*, drawn up by a Reverend Divine, to which is added his Christian Letters, printed from the Original Copies.

Proposals for a National Reformation of Manners, to which is added the Instrument for Reformation, &c. price 6 d.

The Knowledge of the World, or the Art of well

Books lately printed for John Dunton.

well educating Youth through the various conditions of Life, by way of Letters to a Noble Lord, Vol. 1. to be continued in that method till the whole Design is finish'd. Printed first at *Paris*, afterwards Re-printed at *Amsterdam*, and now done into English.

A Narrative of the extraordinary Cure wrought in an instant upon Mrs. Elizabeth Savage, lame from her Birth, without the using any Natural Means; with the Affidavits which were sworn before the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor, and the Certificates of several credible Persons, who knew her both before and since her Cure. Price 6 d.

The Fourth Edition of the Lives, Tryals, and dying Speeches of those Eminent Protestants who fell in the West of England, and elsewhere, from the year 1678, to 1689.

COMPLEAT SETS of the *Athenian Mercury* (being *Nineteen Volumes, &c.*) resolving all the most nice and curious Questions proposed by Ladies and Gentlemen for the last five YEARS.

The History of several Remarkable Penitents--to which is added a Sermon Preached at Boston in New-England, to a Condemn'd Malefactor, by Increase Mather.

A Narrative of the Conversion of Mackernefs, late of March, in the Isle of Ely, by Mr. Burroughs, Minister at Wisbech. Price 1 s.

Directions, Prayers, and Ejaculations for such as lead a Military Life. Price 2 d. or 100 for 14 s.

Books lately printed for John Dunton.

*A New Book of Trade, Entituled P^arrithm^a-
logia, by W. Leybourn, Author of Cursus Mathe-
maticus, Price 4 s. 6 d.*

*The Tryals of several Witches lately executed
in New-England. The Third Edition. Price
1 s.*

*The Tryals of Peter Boss, George Keith, Thomas
Budd, and W^{illiam} Bradford, Quakers, for seve-
ral great Misdemeanors, (as was pretended by
their Adversaries) before a Court of Quakers,
at the Sessions held at Philadelphia, in Pennsylva-
nia, the 9th, 10th, and 12th days of December,
1692. Giving also an Account of the most Ar-
bitrary procedure of that Court.*

*The Divine Captain Characteris'd, In a Sermon
publisht at the beginning of the War with
France.*

*The LAY-CLERGY.—In a short Essay in
Answer to this Query,--Whether it be lawful
for Persons in Holy Orders to exercise Temporal
Offices, Honours, Jurisdictions and Authorities.--
With Arguments and Objections on both sides,
poyz'd, and indifferently weigh'd. Both Writ-
ten by EDMUND HICKERINGIL, Rector
of All-saints in Colchester.*

BOOKS now in the *Press*, and Design'd for it; Printed for JOHN DUNTON.

THe *Life* of the Reverend Mr. Richard Baxter, left for the Press under his own hand, in *Folio*.

The Lord Faulkland's Works, Secretary of State to King Charles the I. in *Folio*.

An History of all Remarkable Providences which have happened in this present Age, by William Turner, M. A. and Vicar of Walberton in *Sussex*, in *Folio*.

The *Third and Fourth Volumes* of the *French Book of Martyrs*, are now preparing for the Press, and will be published with Her Majesty's Royal Priviledge.

The *Second Edition* of *Right Christianity*, by the Reverend Mr. Matth. Barker.

The *CHALLENGE*, &c. --- mention'd in the *Athenian Mercury*, Vol. 15, Numb. 28.